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BOOKS INSIDE RUSSIA AND OUT

NATION

SEPTEMBER 9, 1978 60 cents

Valtman

IT ISN'T LABOR'S DAY

A. H. Raskin

'A sagging labor movement reaches Labor Day punch-drunk and programless, at war with the President and the Democratic Congressional majority it helped to elect and reeling from repeated defeats by the well-heeled, increasingly sophisticated forces of industry. . . .'

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Asia's New Cold War

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LETTERS

Ali for Congress?

New York City

Perhaps too early in the morning, I picked up *The Nation* and began reading about how Muhammad Ali ought to be a Congressman [Editorial, "Muhammad Ali for Congress," July 22-29] because he said nice things about Russia and because he would be the only Moslem in Congress. Ha Ha, I thought, a great spoof of mindless liberalism. But by the time I got to the end, I could not repress the suspicion that Carey McWilliams was at least semi-serious. Still, I might have dismissed his effusion as a wretched excess of generosity (perhaps written too late at night) were it not for Ali's strongly held and often expressed Neanderthal views on women and their proper place. McWilliams suggests that Ali would be a good spokesman not only for blacks but for "other groups that need strong voices in Congress." What groups is he talking about? Right to Life, perhaps? Or Total Woman?

Ellen Willis

Beverly Hills, Calif.

I have to hand it to Muhammad Ali; he was right again in his answer to *The Nation* [Letters, Aug. 5-12], that he is a "world man" and would only be lost and restricted in our Congress, as we see happen so often after we help them get into Congress. He was right when he opposed the Pentagon and our government on the war in Vietnam, and he made a mockery of our government's diplomacy on his visit to the Soviet Union. This young man of very humble beginning, without a formal education, has been given an insight rarely exhibited in any of our halls of state.

Albert King

Clinton, N.J.

I have just read Carey McWilliams's editorial "Muhammad Ali for Congress" and Ali's response thanking *The Nation* for quoting him "so accurately." In the interest of such accuracy, I should like Mr. McWilliams to explain why he deleted Ali's slur against homosexuals in the "unofficial ambassador's" list of "pleasant things to say about aspects of Soviet society."

Ali is quoted as being pleased that he "didn't see no hustlers, no prostitutes. . . ." But Mr. McWilliam's ellipsis —at least as Ali was quoted in *The New York Times*— stands for "homosexuals," here decorously omitted by *The Nation* in Ali's list of "pleasant things" happily absent in the Soviet Union. Why has Mr. McWilliams laundered Ali's lumping of hustlers, prostitutes and homosexuals in one negative group? Is he ashamed of his hero's bigotry? If he isn't, he should be.) Is he trying to make Ali look better than he is by some judicious blue-penciling? Does he really want still another bigot in Congress?

It is distressing to know that the Anita Bryants of this world come in all colors and religions and even worse to realize that *The Nation* practices the dishonest art of scissors-and-paste quoting.

Martin Greif

New York City

I am not aware of having "laundered" the quotes in any way but it is possible I may have done so, inadvertently. (I sent the clippings with my column to *The Nation*.) But let me add, Ali is no "hero" of mine; I am, unfortunately, without heroes at the moment. But I do feel that he is a rather exceptional American in view of his circumstances and a man of genuine good will, certainly no bigot.

Carey McWilliams

The editors welcome letters from readers but regret that space limitations often prevent publication of those of more than 250 words.

EDITORIALS

Sandino, Somoza and Carter

What can and should the United States do about the situation in Nicaragua? Last summer, a few months before his assassination, Pedro Joaquín Chamorro, editor of the opposition newspaper *La Prensa*, gave the best answer. Chamorro told *The Nation*'s correspondent Penny Lernoux that "If only the United States would stop supporting this dictatorship and leave us alone to take care of our own affairs, we would have been rid of Somoza a long time ago."

Does that mean that this country should do nothing? Not at all. It will take action by the U.S. Government to "stop supporting" the brutal Somoza dictatorship. And so far there has been nothing but profound silence in Washington and no sign that anything significant is being done behind the scenes. It is therefore natural to suspect that our government is paralyzed by the thought of the possible succession to Somoza. Would it be a middle-class regime willing to try a bit of democracy, or would it—perish the thought—be a leftist or even "Castroite" setup?

Almost anything would be better than the Somoza regime, but before offering our own prescription it is worth recalling a little of the history of the United States in Nicaragua and the consequent reason for this country's special moral and practical responsibility there. We occupied it on and off from 1909 to 1933 in the interests of American business (and, of course, "stability") and we virtually installed Anastasio Somoza, Sr., father of the like-named current tyrant, a graduate of West Point. That happened in 1936, just three years after the U.S. Marines stopped running the whole show.

Somoza, Sr. was a "ruffian groomed by Marine officials," in the words of Carleton Beals writing in 1965 in the hundredth anniversary edition of *The Nation*. Beals knew what he was talking about, having gone up into the hills of Nicaragua in 1928, on assignment from this magazine, to find and interview the rebel Augusto Sandino, then styled "bandit" and "outlaw" by the U.S. State Department. Sandino's outlawry consisted of demanding the withdrawal of the Marines and the curbing of the corporate interests it was their shameful mission to protect, along with the holding of free elections under the supervision of Latin American representatives. In 1934 Somoza, Sr. had his National Guard murder Sandino after he had dined at the National Palace with the then President (whom Somoza shortly replaced after a coup).

Is it any wonder that the guerrillas who staged that recent brilliant operation at the National Palace call themselves Sandinistas and have a less than friendly view of the United States and all its works? Somoza, Jr. let the guerrillas go this time with fifty-nine freed political prisoners and $500,000, capitulating "to save human lives," he said. Only four years ago a smaller but similar operation by the National Liberation Front got $1 million and the freeing of fourteen prisoners.

Somoza, Jr. has his troubles, but so does the United States—about how to act. The enemies of Somoza are not

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just a small band of rebels in the hills. They include the whole hierarchy of the Catholic Church, which has called for his resignation. And it appears that the middle class, not to mention the lesser oligarchs envious of his amazing greed, has concluded that he must go if only to stave off a truly revolutionary uprising by the brutalized masses. It is too late for Junior to say, as Senior did, "I'll give this country peace if I have to kill every other man in Nicaragua to get it." That effort has been made and it failed.

The Carter administration has characteristically wavered on the Somoza question, despite its "human rights" stance farther from home. United States loans and direct aid (even $3.1 million in military aid to the National Guard which keeps Somoza in power) have been delayed and then granted this very year. The State Department has managed to discover enough "marked progress" in the human rights record of Somoza's regime to justify the grants and loans.

All these subsidies to the Somoza dictatorship should be stopped. Our Ambassador should be recalled for lengthy consultations. The government should move to curb the activities in Nicaragua of U.S. corporations whose corrupt operations there have helped prop up Somoza. These are the obvious steps to be taken and there are other measures Washington could take to increase the pressure on the awful Somoza, if it has the will.

The big question concerns "intervention" in a country where that has been the name of our game for this whole century. The President of Venezuela, one of the few remaining democracies in Latin America, has proposed a step which he calls "cordial intervention"—by the Organization of American States—to restore democracy in Nicaragua. It is not clear how the OAS could intervene, but Washington should encourage active deliberations on this by the hemispheric body. One problem is that Somoza was elected, however fraudulently, and now he says he will stay put until his term runs out in 1981. It seems unlikely that he can do that, resisting all internal and external pressures, even with the help of his National Guard, which we have largely armed and trained.

The best, and only decent, course for the United States is one that might be called "positive hands-off," withdrawing all forms of support for the Somoza regime. That requires action by our government. So far there has been no sign of that from an administration which boasts of its "human rights" policies toward faraway countries. And that is shocking.

Amtrak's Hard Road

The Federal Energy Department recently has stated that, unless basic energy policies are changed, there will be a world oil shortage in the mid-1980s and an oil-energy deficit in the United States through 1990. At the same time, Transportation Secretary Brock Adams has recommended a cutback of almost a third in Amtrak—our most energy-efficient means of transportation. If the two reports seemed contradictory, they were consistent with past performance by Adams, the Carter administration, Congress and the U.S. public.

During the 1976 Presidential campaign, Carter prom-

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ised "an integrated mass transit system . . . utilizing the Highway Trust Fund . . . to reduce dependence on the automobile." On assuming office, Adams—supposedly speaking for the administration—reversed predecessor William Coleman's policy of reducing Amtrak subsidies. "I understand the objection to subsidies," he said at the time, ". . . [but] as the cost of energy goes even higher, alternatives to driving will be more favorable. We must become more energy-efficient and more sensitive to environmental considerations."

A little more than a year later, Adams said the government could not go on financing Amtrak deficits at the taxpayer's expense. Carter meanwhile has been silent on use of the trust fund and the billions the government continues to pour into the highway system. "This administration's qualified support of Amtrak," said an official of the National Association of Railroad Passengers, "is worse than the opposition of the Ford and Nixon administrations. It amounts to apparent motion, imagery. And in the end, it's the same thing."

The performance of Congress, which created Amtrak in 1971, is little better. As Adams said when he recommended the cutbacks, Congress would like to keep the trains running but doesn't want to spend the money. In fact, it has exacerbated Amtrak's financial problems by insisting on politically inspired and revenue-losing routes through the districts of key legislators. It also evaded its parental responsibility for Amtrak by requesting the Adams study. And all this despite the fact that an adequate subsidy for Amtrak would be a drop in the bucket, compared to what has been and will be spent on the highways.

Nor has the public been consistent in its support of Amtrak. Public opinion polls since 1971 consistently have shown declining support for highways (50 percent last year, down from 63 percent in 1972) and increased popularity of train travel (60 percent, up from 50 percent since 1972). But the public doesn't back Amtrak with its pocketbook, except indirectly. The 1977 polls showed a desire for more federal funds to improve rail service. Yet though the number of passengers has doubled since Amtrak took over, it still amounts to only 1 percent of intercity travel. The great majority (87 percent) stay in their cars, 11 percent choose airlines and 1.5 percent ride buses.

From time to time, Amtrak announces that it is abandoning routes and then restores them when Congress coughs up needed funds. Though sometimes a necessary tactic when dealing with Congress, this backing and filling confuses and discourages potential riders. And while newer, corridor trains are neat and attractive, the older, long-haul equipment is often neglected. The on-time performance of the system hovers around 60 percent, less than dependable.

Paul H. Reistrup, an experienced and innovative if not always diplomatic rail executive, is resigning as Amtrak's president because "the job is just impossible." Said one of his aides, Reistrup is responsible to Congress, the governors and legislatures of forty-seven states, the Department of Transportation, Interstate Commerce Commission, hostile private railroads and unions which still insist on featherbedding though it may cost hundreds of jobs in lost routes. "What he gets," the aide said, "is a lot of advice on how to run a railroad but not the money to do the job. The problem basically is capital starvation."

What does Amtrak need and what is its potential? It projects a 29 percent growth in passengers, from 18.6 million to 26 million by 1982. This includes 20 percent of intercity traffic in the heavily traveled Boston-Washington corridor. It would mean increased revenues of almost $200 million to $482 million. Amtrak claims that if just 1 percent of intercity auto travelers switched to trains, revenues would reach $527 million by 1980. Though the system would still run at a deficit, the change would save 4 million barrels of oil annually.

The projections assume for the next five years an operating subsidy of $3.48 billion and a capital improvement subsidy of $1 billion, or about $900 million a year. It is estimated that in the last fifty years the highway system has cost federal, state and local governments $430 billion, a third of which has come from general revenues. And the Federal Highway Administration estimates it will cost $400 billion for expansion and maintenance in the next fifteen years. Amtrak would cost less than $15 billion in that time to realize its grandest projections.

Anyone who thinks about it—and the polls suggest that the public has been doing so—knows that Amtrak, just like the roads and the airlines, must be subsidized. But the message doesn't seem to get across to Congress and the administration. Amtrak was founded as a "for profit" corporation, and the politicians continue to carp about its relatively small deficits. "In terms of need, energy efficiency, relative cost, pollution or any other damned consideration," said a frustrated Amtrak official, "railroads should be our top transportation priority. There's something very wrong very high up when this is ignored."

At least part of what's wrong are the powerful voices of highway, auto and oil lobbies in Washington. Amtrak, represented only by its own officials and the National Association of Railroad Passengers, a tiny consumer group, can't match the volume or money of such groups. "The cloverleaf," observed the late Sen. Lee Metcalf, "is becoming our national flower." PATRICK J. MCCAFFREY

The Victim's View

The continuing New York City newspaper strike may have had one inadvertent beneficial effect. It might not make philosophers out of readers of the daily press, now reduced to contemplation by the absence of their inky fare, but it just might force the editors of the city's leading newspaper to think about, or rethink, some important questions of rights and equities.

We refer, of course, to *The New York Times* which, before the strike, provided such exhaustive coverage of the role of its reporter M.A. Farber, and of itself as an institution, in the "curare murder case" in New Jersey that historians a generation from now might be led to conclude that this affair was one of the half dozen crucial constitutional cases of the century. It is no such thing, in our view, there being too many dubieties and conflicts of

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interest involved to allow the Farber matter a place in press freedom's hall of fame alongside John Peter Zenger.

We do not propose here to consider closely the substance of this complicated matter, involving as it does the competing constitutional claims of press freedom and the right to a fair trial, beyond restating an ancient objection to locking up reporters for contempt of court—that should always be seriously questioned and not just by journalists. But as more facts, and the nuances of their implications, emerge from the courtroom where Dr. Jascalevich is being tried for murder, one must ask more questions: whether, for instance, the request by the defense for Farber's notes was indeed a fishing expedition; whether it matters that the judge would have examined them *in camera*; what relevance, if any, there is in Farber's contract to write a book on this case. Aryeh Neier will analyze these issues, including the right of a news source to anonymity, in next week's *Nation*.

Absent the *Times*, we have had a chance to read other accounts of the issues in this case, more complicated but no less informed than its own self-involved coverage. In fairness, it should be noted that the *Times*'s own Anthony Lewis raised the countervailing defendant's-rights question in a thoughtful column published before the presses stopped rolling, and since then we have had subtle analyses from, among others, three columnists who seldom agree, Joseph Kraft, Alexander Cockburn and Nat Hentoff. The burden of their argument is that in a capital case when a journalist just might have exculpatory evidence, sloganeering about "press freedom," as the *Times* has defined it in the case to which it has become a party, serves neither the short-range interests of the paper nor the long-range interests of the press.

But the managing hierarchy of the *Times*, including the paper's executive editor, A.M. Rosenthal, is constantly seen on TV waving the First Amendment, nobly defending its reporter's "right" not to turn over his notes, even to the point of leaving in doubt whether the paper would obey some ultimate court order, after all the appeals, that would require the showing of Farber's "evidence" to the judge, and perhaps to the defense.

Traditionally, the *Times*'s coverage of such cases is "balanced. . . fair . . . even-handed," and the paper prides itself on its objectivity in these and other matters. Is it possible to imagine that the *Times*, now itself a "victim" in a court case, will be radicalized by the experience and thus have its consciousness, as they say, raised? Perhaps in the future the paper will see and report things with greater attention to the viewpoint of victims, despite the sacred canons of "objectivity." If that is the effect of the Farber case, then his time in prison, unpleasant as that must have been, and the $5,000-a-day fine levied against the *Times* may well have yielded at least one social benefit.

Defensive Dissent

Our sharp-eyed readers surely caught a howler of a typographical error in an editorial in our September 2nd issue when we seemed to be saying editorially that it was a good thing that the President vetoed the "*dissent* authorization bill." This is to say that the word was to have been "*defense*" and that this journal (and, we hope, the President) stands foursquare for appropriate dissent—unauthorized and unappropriated.

IT ISN'T LABOR'S DAY

A.H. RASKIN

A sagging labor movement reaches Labor Day punch-drunk and programless, at war with the President and the Democratic Congressional majority it helped to elect and reeling from repeated defeats by the well-heeled, increasingly sophisticated forces of industry.

The number of union dues-payers keeps going down while the number of jobholders goes up. Unions lose more National Labor Relations Board elections than they win, and disenchanted workers vote them out of bargaining rights they already have at quadruple the rate of a decade ago. Labor's hopes for reversing this downhill slide through labor law reform have been shattered by the Senate filibuster through which big business string pullers used a complaisant claque in small business to kill the administration-backed bill that would have made it easier for unions to get in and stay in.

A.H. Raskin was for many years chief labor correspondent and labor columnist for The New York Times. *He is now associate director of the National News Council.*

Management, for its part, smells blood. To an extent without parallel since the violent struggles of the early New Deal, when major companies built up private armies of goons and labor spies to smash infant unions in the mass production industries, employers are on the attack in labor relations. True, they no longer use tear gas, brass knuckles or guns, nor is there any broad-scale offensive in the union heartland of the Northeast and Middle West where most big unions remain strongly entrenched and any challenge would mean a war to the finish.

Now the tactics are more subtle and more selective. A whole new industry has grown up of "labor relations consultants" specializing in union-busting sugarcoated as industrial psychology and behavioral science. Employers in Boston, New York, Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, Birmingham, Atlanta, Houston and Dallas flock to seminars organized around such themes as "Making Unions Unnecessary" and "Managing Without Interference." One widely circulated instruction manual is entitled: "Labor Unions—How to: Avert Them, Beat

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Them, Out-Negotiate Them, Live with Them, Unload Them."

Heath Larry, who as vice chairman of United States Steel cooperated with the United Steelworkers of America in devising the most far-reaching program in any basic industry for joint union-management action to spur productivity and banish strikes, did an about-face last year when he became president of the National Association of Manufacturers. Among his first acts was establishment of a Council on Union-Free Environment to assist companies that wanted no part of unions.

Douglas A. Fraser, president of the United Auto Workers, accuses General Motors of reneging on a two-year-old pledge not to oppose the union's efforts to organize new G.M. plants in the South and Southwest. The promise of management neutrality had been given as part of the 1976 contract negotiations after the union complained that the biggest of the Big Three auto makers was using a "Southern strategy" to lessen its vulnerability to national strike calls by the UAW.

The company insists it is living up to its neutrality commitment on union recruiting efforts, but the industrial relations vice president of another giant corporation attaches little credence to such disclaimers. "All big managements want to operate 'double-breasted,' whatever they say," he declares. "That goes for du Pont, General Electric, General Motors, Union Carbide, you name it. Most of the new plants they open are nonunion and they are staying that way."

The technique of going "double-breasted" is already extensive in construction, once the tightest of union monopolies in many sections. The new practice involves the organization by large unionized building contractors of affiliates that will put up huge industrial or utility plants with nonunion labor if clients prefer. More than half of the country's construction has moved outside union control, despite energetic attempts by the unions to stem the tide through project agreements eliminating featherbedding work rules and forbidding jurisdictional strikes.

At the collective bargaining table a new toughness marks the approach of most managements. No longer do they wait supinely to react to union demands. Rather, they come in with a long list of demands of their own for a give-back of prerogatives they surrendered to labor over the years. The classic tug of war over how much money is too much has taken second place in negotiations to a defensive battle by unions against a take-away of contract-guaranteed limits on management's freedom to manage.

The most dramatic current expression of this trend precipitated the strike of pressmen that blacked out all three of New York City's major daily newspapers August 9—a shutdown that was more lockout than strike. It was triggered by the publishers' unilateral posting of new work rules empowering them to cut manning on their high-speed presses by 40 percent.

Their gambit represented a reverse twist on a ploy originated in 1947 by Woodruff Randolph, then president of the International Typographical Union. Irked by the "slave-labor" provisions of the brand-new Taft-Hartley Act, he ordered printers' locals all over the country to post their own wages and working conditions instead of negotiating new contracts. Publishers everywhere denounced this as an act of war, and Randolph was forced to abandon the tactic after a long strike in Chicago nearly bankrupted his union.

What clearly emboldened the New York publishers now was the extra muscle provided by a technological revolution that makes it possible for a comparative handful of executives, confidential secretaries and other nonunion personnel to prepare and publish newspapers even with all the printing crafts on the picket line. *The Washington Post* and the big dailies in Kansas City and Dallas already have capitalized on this capacity to oust all their unionized pressmen after they balked at publisher demands for the flexibility needed to end gross overstaffing of their pressrooms, and to eliminate premium-pay requirements that regularly added $150 a week to the average pressman's basic pay. The only obstacle to similar employer dominance in New York was that no one had figured any immediate way to get papers delivered without the one unionized group that remains indispensable, the drivers. Even that hurdle has been surmounted elsewhere, and the go-for-broke spirit exhibited by the New York employers raises suspicions that a breaking of ranks by the drivers is the hole card they are counting on to get papers back on the street if a fattening of their original offer on retirement and security benefits fails to win the support of the pressmen's union.

In no other industry has automation yet effected so drastic a transfer of power from labor to management as it has in newspaper publishing; but intensified import competition, chronic stagflation, the measurement of executive competence by the robustness of "the bottom line," the shift of industry and jobs to open-shop citadels in the Sunbelt and the draining of union strength through the replacement of a production-centered economy with one now tilted 70 to 30 in favor of services have combined to stiffen management attitudes across the country.

There is shrinking acceptance of the precept popularized in a series of National Planning Association studies just after World War II on "Causes of Industrial Peace" that a strong, secure union is an asset to a company in fostering uninterrupted, efficient production. The prevailing wisdom among today's corporate elite is that the truly well-managed company is one in which the employees are convinced that there is nothing a union can do for them that the company isn't doing better.

This "papa knows best" feeling takes sustenance from the astonishing bounceback in public regard the business community has experienced from the low point it reached in the immediate post-Watergate period when each day brought fresh revelations of bribes paid by American corporations to foreign military and government officials, illegal political contributions, Mafia penetration and other evidences of sleazy corporate ethics.

Now the spreading belief that government can't do anything right and that more and bigger companies are the fount of all economic blessings has spawned a "be-

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nice to business" climate that prompts the job-starved states and cities of the Northeast quadrant to advertise tax breaks and other come-ons for industry, a practice they used to deplore when states in the South employed the same lures to entice Northern companies. "New York State Has Stopped Giving Business the Business" is the opening line of the siren song the Empire State uses in this scramble for more industry and jobs.

Democrats join with Republicans in Congress to put through a tax cut bill giving priority to capital gains relief for the rich and upper middle class, and President Carter after a year of chilly relations with Big Business now has an informal brain trust of corporate bigwigs that meets with him and his top advisers to talk about everything from capital formation to the high price of environmental controls. Another committee of corporate public relations officers holds similar private confabs with Jody Powell, the President's press secretary, giving advice on image improvement. Favorable decisions by the Supreme Court and the Federal Elections Commission have enabled corporations to step up their direct involvement in election campaigns through company-organized political action committees modeled after those labor has been running since World War II. The new industry units are fast catching up with their labor counterparts in the money they have to spread around.

By contrast with the success employers have been having in sweet-talking the Carter inner circle, the hapless high command of labor has been on a roller coaster in its relations with the Georgia Populist whom it did so much to put in the White House. Right at the moment the relationship has moved into a steep nose dive just

Renault, Sacramento Bee

The Labor Day Parade

when many top unionists felt it was on the upgrade. A short-lived era of good feeling had been ushered in at the midsummer meeting of the AFL-CIO executive council in Chicago early in August.

Before leaving the capital George Meany had personally urged the President to muzzle his principal watchdog against wage inflation, Barry Bosworth, the youthful true-believer who heads the Council on Wage and Price Stability. Carter sent Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall, the only Cabinet officer Meany still trusts, to the AFL-CIO session to announce that Bosworth had been instructed to stop intervening in collective bargaining and that he would now be one small voice in a five-man committee headed by Marshall that would concentrate on inflationary problems outside the wage area.

Meany, delighted at this Presidential deference to his will, had nothing but kind things to say about Carter in his Chicago news conferences, though other members of the federation's upper echelon were less charitable. The brusquest comment came from William W. Winpisinger of the International Association of Machinists, who pronounced Carter washed up and declared that organized labor would "get on somebody else's team if they are smart." A week later the convention of the American Postal Workers Union formally called on the Democrats to dump Carter in 1980.

Inside the executive council there was a good deal of private grumbling that, except for Sen. James Sasser from the border state of Tennessee, Carter had failed to deliver a single Southern Democratic vote to supplement the fourteen Republican votes labor had corralled in its vain effort to break the filibuster on labor law reform. But Meany kept pressing the desirability of reconciliation with the White House, and that idea prevailed. The only time his tongue slipped was when, in response to a press conference question, he publicly criticized the 19.5 percent pay settlement just negotiated by postal union leaders as too meager and forecast its rejection by the rank and file.

This surprising departure from Meany's own lifelong rule of never undercutting pacts recommended by the heads of the federation's autonomous unions tore the whole fragile concord so far as the President was concerned. His cutting off of Bosworth at the knees to please Meany was already getting him a bad press, and here was the AFL-CIO chief torpedoing the nearest thing to a victory the administration had ever been able to claim in its toothless drive to jawbone wages.

The explosive upshot was a surfacing of all the antipathies Carter and Meany have been trying to disguise for two years under a veneer of politeness. The White House let it be known that the President was "absolutely livid" over all the bad raps he was getting from "Mister Labor." "George Meany is not the whole labor movement," said a top Carter aide. Marshall was rushed into the fray to pour more oil on the fire. In a statement initiated by the President and cleared by Gerald Rafshoon, the beefer-up of the Carter image, the Labor Secretary aligned himself with the President in deploring the monkey wrench Meany had tossed into the White House hopes for postal peace and chided him for accusing the President of ineffectuality in the fight over labor law reform.

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"I don't intend to change," was Meany's icy response. Just in case Marshall and Carter didn't get the message, he added: "The AFL-CIO is not an agency of government. It cannot be used to hold down wages or control workers." The sudden deterioration in relations came as no great shock to Meany intimates. "He has been telling us privately for a long time that Carter is the most difficult President he ever had to deal with," one federation vice president says. "Even Nixon gave us answers, he tells us. We can't get them from this guy."

Meany, who was marking his 84th birthday while all the bombs were bursting around him, is at least as solidly in control of the federation as he was when he was elected for the first time at the merger convention in 1955. The joy of battle has banished the torpor that seemed to hang over him at the federation's biennial convention in Los Angeles last December.

But his total mastery of the organization's political and lobbying apparatus and the certainty that a top-heavy majority of his thirty-four associates in the executive council will keep marching to his tune cannot obscure the absence of any semblance of a program for dealing with the avalanche of problems that plague labor. Inflation is making a mockery of the substantial wage increases most unions are still racking up at the bargaining table. The average worker's weekly earnings have gone up 43 percent in the last five years, from $127 to $182, but that still leaves him 3 percent worse off than he was in mid-1973 after allowance for the bite higher prices and taxes take out of his pay envelope.

No amount of argument that labor is the victim, not the villain, in this upsweep of living costs helps erase the deficit in what the worker can buy with his earnings. And the squeeze is aggravated by the regularity with which unions in the monopolistic administered-price industries chalk up increases that widen the gap between them and the tens of millions of working poor in the garment, textile, retail and other low-wage industries heavily populated by women, blacks and Hispanics.

"This inflation is not caused by wage push, but we can't find a viable solution to it without some form of labor involvement," concedes Sol C. Chaikin of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, a union drowning under a tidal wave of sweatshop imports from the Far East and the Caribbean.

Internally, signs multiply that many unions are in trouble with their members. The United Mine Workers, flag carrier for all labor in organizing the mass production industries four decades ago, has substituted anarchy for the autocracy once exercised by the majestic John L. Lewis. Less than half the nation's coal still comes from UMW mines as the union shrinks toward impotence in its brawling Appalachian fastnesses.

But the example of rank-and-file restiveness set by the coal miners in their defiance of their own leaders, the industry and the White House in last winter's 110-day strike is stirring rebellion in many other unions. Leaders are finding it harder to win contract ratification, as the postal unions have discovered in the wake of Meany's surprise emergence as bomb-thrower. Earlier evidence of the same ferment had been furnished by wildcat transit strikes in Boston and Washington and by the near upset of the wage package negotiated for New York City subway and bus employees. This rank-and-file reluctance to rubber-stamp agreements made by their union chiefs is likely to be a special problem in the first crucial negotiations of 1979, those involving 450,000 members of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters next spring. But the dissidence doesn't stop there. Kenneth T. Blaylock, the energetic young head of the American Federation of Government Employees, squeaked through to re-election by the narrowest of margins in a runoff vote at his union's convention last month. The leadership of the Communications Workers of America retreated under delegate fire on a proposal for higher dues at its June convention.

Corruption is rising across a broad spectrum of unions, including some of the most respected. The federation's Ethical Practices Committee, which conducted the investigations that led to expulsion of the Teamsters and other tainted unions in 1957, has not met in well over a decade. And the executive council, the federation's policy-making body, remains an all-male monopoly, despite the presence of more than 40 million women in the work force.

Labor's frustrations are just as keen when it comes to mounting a counterattack against the alliance it sees forming between Big Business and the New Right, an alliance much in evidence in the jousting on Capitol Hill over the reform bill. The hardest part of developing a strategy for resistance is that the last three or four years have brought into being an elaborate panoply of joint committees on industrial and regional lines, in which ranking employers and unionists have worked together on projects ranging from energy policy to the bailing out of New York City.

The most ambitious of these collaborative think tanks was the Labor-Management Group, a summit organization made up of Meany and seven other top unionists and the chief executive officers of eight of the biggest of big businesses. Now labor is in the process of dismantling the committee and others of the same kind in protest against the failure of any of its corporate partners in these groups to dissociate themselves from even the most extreme of the exaggerations used by a united front of industry to revile unions in the labor law reform struggle on Capitol Hill.

At the height of the filibuster Lane Kirkland, the federation's secretary-treasurer and heir apparent to the Meany throne if he ever relinquishes it, denounced these erstwhile collaborators from industry as Jekylls and Hydes honing for a return to the master-servant relationship while engaging in polite discourse with labor.

But for all the forcefulness of Kirkland's charge that industry was waging class war on workers and their unions, there was at least as much plaintiveness as defiance in his tone. "Management is singularly fortunate in this country," he declared. "Its role and status is not under serious attack by any ideology espoused by labor.

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The American worker is uniquely free of class consciousness or envy. He does not look into your pot with malice in his heart."

Behind all the bluster, the sense of shared purpose and values linking most union chiefs and their counterparts in industry is so pervasive that Meany shared the podium with some of the most active corporate foes of the reform bill in a joint Congressional briefing on the need for textile and apparel import curbs at almost the same time he was boycotting a planned meeting of the Labor-Management Group to underscore his feeling that its industry members were now nonpersons in his book. Unions and management are making common cause on a dozen other fronts despite the torrent of union charges that industry is bent on recapturing dictatorial rule over the work place.

The exasperation of such cross-pulls and the recognition that labor is suffering more damaging defeats in Congress than it is in the industrial arena are causing a few voices in labor to call for a more fundamental overhaul that goes to the heart of the whole political process. One advocate of that approach is Douglas Fraser, president of the United Auto Workers, which pulled out of the AFL-CIO a decade ago accusing it of standpattism and is still outside.

"I am in a pessimistic mood," he says. "The political system in this country is simply not working, the lobbies are taking over. The tax vote in the House is the latest proof that there is no cohesion, no discipline in the Democratic Party. We are being checked and balanced into immobility."

Fraser feels it is not enough to take up the cry now widespread in the federation that labor has to reknit the old Roosevelt coalition of the unions, the churches, the blacks and the poor along with new allies from the women's movement, youth organizations and environmentalists.

"There is no point in calling yet again on our old and new allies to regroup and reaffirm their faith in all the old goals. It is the process that needs change. That is where our emphasis has to be."

But labor is in no mood for a third political party, much less for an institutional makeover of America. Meany's "*nyet*" keeps this country's union estranged from both the International Labor Organization and the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, the only groups that offer even a distant chance for uniting world labor on a scale adequate to challenge the ever-expanding power of the giant multinational corporations. Self-beatifying advertisements extol the benefits these corporations shower upon humanity, and the right-wing resurgence keeps rolling the nation back toward Adam Smith. On that basis, even the Fraser prescription points no promising path this Labor Day. □

REPORT FROM 'RHOBABWE'

Rhodesia's Internal Dissolution

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Bishop Abel Muzorewa runs a nice, efficient, friendly office in the African suburb of Harare (which is the name Salisbury will be given when Rhodesia becomes Zimbabwe). He receives visitors in immaculate episcopal dress, often set off with yellow spats, and gives the impression that he would not hurt a fly. Unlike most of the veteran nationalist leaders, he never has been involved in violent struggle. His nickname among Africans is "Heavy" because he once failed to lift the weight of a machine gun while visiting a guerrilla encampment.

If all this gives an impression of weakness, then so be it. One leaves his presence with the feeling that he would have made a marvelous civil rights leader in a black Methodist community in the United States. Unfortunately, the reality of Rhodesia today is a grim and bloody struggle for power, and in this struggle the Bishop has contrived to end up on the wrong side.

I first saw him at the Geneva Conference on Rhodesia in the winter of 1976. That was a dismal attempt at a British-sponsored compromise, enlivened by a tremendous fighting speech from Muzorewa in which he put Ian Smith in the dock. He detailed the ghastly situation in the rural areas, where the security forces were razing crops, shooting villagers, herding Africans into "strategic hamlets" and practicing torture and terror on a grand scale. He also inveighed against the practice of anonymous executions in Salisbury jail, where the names of the victims were not even released to the families. (At the same conference, Pieter van der Byl told an American journalist who tackled him on this last point, "Your question is rather academic. We don't release the names because they're usually dead after we've hanged them.")

Today in Rhodesia, the policy of the security forces has not changed, but Muzorewa is a part of the government that controls them. Since the "internal settlement" of February, he has sat in council with Ian Smith, and tried to deliver on his promise to stop the guerrilla war by appealing to his own supporters to "come home." It is already very clear that this compromise has failed. The guerrillas are in the heart of town now.

It would not be fair to accuse Muzorewa of corruption or of opportunism (though both accusations can be leveled against his partners, the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole and Chief Jeremiah Chirau). He honestly thought he was onto something which might stop the war. And, in effect, he got Smith to admit that the whole basis of his 1965 rebellion against the British was false. In that year

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Valtman

Smith had broken Rhodesia's colonial ties to Great Britain by staging a Unilateral Declaration of Independence (UDI). But Muzorewa persuaded Smith to accept, at least on paper, the very principle of majority rule which he had categorically rejected in 1965 with the words, "never in a thousand years." Alas, the time for power sharing of this sort is long past. Garfield Todd (now an adviser to Joshua Nkomo's Patriotic Front) offered it to the whites when he was Prime Minister in the 1960s. His reward was to be rejected and scorned and later imprisoned by Smith. The dogs barked and the caravan has moved on.

Nor would it be fair to accuse Muzorewa of lacking support. He is genuinely popular, especially in urban Salisbury. Some Africans suspect him of being weak, and he was under strong pressure to pull out of the deal when Smith dismissed Byron Hove from the government for demanding an early end to racial discrimination. But he is still trusted and liked by his constituency. My impression is that most Africans do not make a dogmatic separation between the "internal settlement" and the Patriotic Front. They support both, in their different ways, and will opt pragmatically for the one which brings an end to racial and colonial rule.

It is becoming apparent that the internal settlement will not do that. In July, the two newly appointed African members of the board of the Rhodesia Broadcasting Corporation handed in their resignations. Washington Sansole and Charles Manyoba said they had accepted the posts in the belief that RBC would no longer be an instrument of settler propaganda but had discovered this to be false. Other examples of disillusionment can be multiplied.

A poignant occasion for the visitor is attendance at a farewell party for a white family taking "the yellow route" and getting out. Those guests who are staying on stand around barely concealing their jealousy mingled with contempt. The white exodus is becoming a rout. Every seat on outward flights from Salisbury is booked solid until the end of the year. More whites would already have left if it were not for the restrictions on the export of money. Ways around this tiresome encumbrance include divorcing your wife (who then leaves the country and receives maintenance until your bank balance is empty, whereupon you go and join her) or libeling a relative abroad and paying him or her a substantial out-of-court settlement.

The fighting, meanwhile, is increasingly being done by mercenaries. Conscription persists, but there have been cases of conscripts refusing to endanger their lives for such a hybrid and uncertain government. As usual in the dying stages of an epoch, nobody wants to be the last one killed in a lost cause.

The Patriotic Front is fighting a mixture of conventional and guerrilla war. The forces of Joshua Nkomo, mainly based in Zambia, are trained and armed like a regular force. Though they have the problem of crossing the Zambezi River, they are able to consider large areas of territory as their own—especially in Matabeleland where Nkomo's kinsmen are a majority. The Mozambique-based fighters of Robert Mugabe's wing are more Maoist inclined, less efficient, and consider themselves to be fighting a "people's war."

Deep political differences underlie this contrast in tactics. It remains very noticeable that while the "internal" African leaders are scathing in their remarks about neighboring black Presidents and regimes, they will seldom if ever resort to criticism of Nkomo. Despite a very checkered political career, involving horse-trading with Smith in the 1960s and pushing Moral Rearmament in the 1950s, he is the father figure of African nationalism in the country. All the other figures owe him some kind of personal allegiance, and he has served long years in prison for his cause. If his political and military tactics are sometimes rather feverish, it is because he is now an aging man who wants to come home and take up what he regards as a rightful inheritance before he dies. The question of what kind of Zimbabwe he will rule tends to come second. For men like Mugabe it is the main question.

Still, under whatever flag the guerrilla war proceeds, it bids fair to undo Smith's last ploy. The chances of holding recognizable elections in December or early 1979 must be counted as worse than slim. There are indications that Smith recognizes this and will use the war as an alibi for his own failure to proceed with the eradication of racial discrimination. In a speech in mid-July, he attacked Muzorewa and Sithole for failing to disarm the guerrillas, and he has been heard to say in private that whites need not worry too much about early majority rule.

In these circumstances, international recognition will be withheld, and it will be understood that since guerrilla warfare and economic sanctions have compelled the progress made so far, they may also bring about the end of the settler revolt. There are a number of white Rhodesians who also do not want the pressure on Smith to be relaxed, and although the liberal settlers are a marginal force, they are often left unjustly out of the account. Not all of them are bleeding hearts either—their leader is Allan Savory who founded the now notorious Selous Scout counterinsurgency force.

The outstanding problem remains the politics of the Patriotic Front. It often gives the impression that it feels entitled simply to be handed power without a vote, as a reward for bearing the heat and burden of the day

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and giving so many lives in the struggle. Even at the pragmatic level, this demand is unrealistic. Frelimo could demand power from the Portuguese masters in Mozambique because it had won the war fair and square. The P.F. is in no such commanding position, and its rather bullying attitude antagonizes many Africans in the meantime.

The case of Byron Hove illustrates most of these difficulties. A former political prisoner who escaped to become a distinguished lawyer in Britain, he returned to join the "internal government" as Co-Minister of Justice, Law and Order and of the Public Service. Within two weeks he was dismissed because he asked for speedier release of detainees, for progress in equalizing civil service job opportunities and for reform of the police force. When I spoke to him recently he revealed that the national assembly of his party (Muzorewa's United African National Congress) had asked him not to retract any of his criticisms. He went on to say that he thought the party should now pull out of the interim government, which was demonstrably going back on its word, and that he expected its annual Congress in the autumn to make the same demand (if it was permitted a free vote). He felt that the days of the compromise were numbered, and that guerrilla warfare and sanctions should be kept up. His attitude now toward the Patriotic Front is one of critical support, and he has been given assurances by its leaders that their ambiguous attitude on elections will change. But as Hove puts it, "the forces which compelled the Smith regime to where it now is must not desist."

So it does not look as if "Rhobabwe" will last even as long as Katanga did. Independent Africa cannot be denied and defied as it once could be. But the war gets worse and bloodier all the time. It is destroying the marvelous agriculture of the country; it is dispersing the population; it is destabilizing and impoverishing neighboring states; it is inflaming tribal and regional differences and, if it is not brought to an end, it may be the trigger for an inter-African civil war later on. After thirteen years of neglect and vacillation, the West is paying a high price for tolerating the existence of a reactionary British-colonial suburb in modern Africa. □

THE POVERTY PROTOCOL

MENTAL HEALTH COSMETICS

JOHN GUINTHER

Not many months ago in these pages (April 1), Ira Glasser took to task the political liberals who imagined and designed the American welfare system. In his article, aptly titled "Welfare vs. Liberty: Prisoners of Benevolence," Glasser contends that the liberals' sympathy with the plight of the poor led them to presume that they, and not the poor themselves, knew best how to deal with the problems of poverty. The bureaucracy the liberals established has, as a consequence, chattelized and infantilized the poor, stripped them of their civil rights, told them what to do and when to do it, taking on, as Glasser eloquently concludes, the quality of "the midnight knock on the door . . . In one century, it comes in the form of a British soldier; in another, a caseworker."

As persuasive and well-documented as Glasser's thesis is, his remedy—a more strict adherence to the Bill of Rights—while salutary, fails to consider that the caseworker at the door not only symbolizes traditional liberal paternalism but is also the spokesperson of the modern societal assumption that poverty is to be supervised and not eradicated. This assumption has little or nothing to do with liberal theorizing and a great deal to do with the revolution in economic realities that occurred in the United States following the Second World War. Because of that revolution, the poor have come to be perceived as members of a *nonemployable* class which—because of its idleness—has become productive for its overseers.

Throughout most of American history prior to World War II, the public conception of poverty was quite the opposite. In those days, the majority of the nation's poor people were not considered unemployable; rather, they were known, accurately enough, as the "*working*-class poor." Their poverty—save during depression interludes—rose not from an inability to get a job but to find one that paid a living wage. In the 1890s, for instance, almost any man who wanted to work as a coal miner could do so, but the average miner earned only $300 for a 365-day work year, and even he was well off compared to a saleswoman in Marshall Field's Chicago emporium earning $156 a year. (Field's own income averaged $600 an hour.)

Poverty, however, was not only wage-based. The small-acreage farmers of the land-grant period were kept in a peonage no less severe by the railroad and food processor interests who controlled the prices to be paid them for their produce. Poverty, during this period, therefore, was created and maintained by the application of the capitalist thesis that the lower the income of workers, the higher the profits for the entrepreneurs.

When poverty is labor-based, however, it also means that its victims have the capacity to improve their condition by withholding the work that capital requires for the accumulation of its wealth. And, over the years, through the instrument of the strike, the industrial and craft unions proved generally effective in bettering wages

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and also in increasing the number of jobs by successful agitation for shorter work weeks. (Much less successful for the farmers were the various Populist movements which, from the days of Daniel Shays onward, laid their emphasis on currency devaluation rather than the strike.)

Accompanying the spread of the union movement, and no less important for the achievement of working-class goals, was a maturing liberal economic analysis of the relationship between capital and labor. It taught that high income for the working class added to capital's profit, not subtracted from it, because affluent workers, unlike impoverished ones, could become purchasers of capital's products. The passage of the Wagner Labor Relations Act in 1935, establishing collective bargaining, marked the triumph of liberal economics and the entrance of the old working class into the middle class, in terms of disposable income.

Left behind them, still deep in poverty, were other groups, most notably the black victims of institutionalized bigotry. For them, however, political remedies seemed possible, and by the 1940s, most American politicians, and not a few economists, were predicting a future of full employment.

That never happened. During the post-World War II years, automation and related technical advances systematically destroyed a multitude of job classifications, many of which had been filled by the minimally skilled. Since whites made up 90 per cent of the population and held 94 percent of the jobs, they were the ones most often left unemployed by the new technology. Blacks, however, largely because they had all along been last hired and first fired, were the most grievously affected. For them, the political remedies of the civil rights movement had turned out to be participationist, not economic. Thus, although some members of their race now went to college and entered professional or managerial positions that previously had been closed to them, for the majority there was no such access.

Continuing as victims of de facto racism no matter what the law might say, their aspirations curbed by the conditions in which most of them lived, their children ill-educated in the big city public schools, the urban black families found themselves—within a contracted job universe—typically competing against one another for such unskilled and semi-skilled jobs as still existed. As a result, by the mid-1970s, the unemployment rate among blacks was higher than it had been at the onset of the civil rights movement. By that time, too, economists had begun to talk of an *acceptable* American unemployment rate of 6 to 8 percent (which for blacks translated into at least double that percentage). Considering these percentages in terms of whole families, black and non-black, that meant roughly 15 million to 20 million people.

Providing maintenance to the unemployables made good economic sense both to the government and to the capitalists whose profits were increased by the adoption of the new technology. To begin with, these people weren't always unemployable; during business expansion cycles they provided a useful labor pool for the transitory jobs that then became available. During all those other times when the economy had no need of them, the unemployables could be kept on hold, as it were, by sending them subsistence checks (which cost less than the profits the technology produced) and providing them cheap housing in slums and in the nation's vastly expanded prison system.

This developing perspective on the role of the poor, it should be noted, was not the result of any back-room conspiracy between the capitalists and the politicians. Capitalists are not quite that good at perceiving economic forces, politicians not quite that venal. Moreover, by the late 1940s, no one was seriously considering not providing governmental assistance; the strength of the humanitarian considerations to which Glasser refers was enough to deter any chancy reliance on the soup kitchens of earlier years. What happened, rather, was inevitable: a technology-intensive society by its nature is not labor-intensive, and everything followed from that. Through this process, the great weapon the poor had always had, their role as providers of necessary work, was destroyed.

But the new poor proved to be more than merely items on an economic ledger. Unlike the old poor who were troublesome, always seeking to better themselves through strikes and wage bargaining, the new poor were passive (who is to unionize the unemployable?). They could be regarded (like coal in a mine, wheat in a field, or an ingot of iron transformed into steel) as important contributors to the gross national product—there might not be jobs for them but they could create jobs for others.

This was a matter of some urgency. The new technology, after all, had not only eaten away at blue-collar jobs but at white-collar ones as well, raising the specter of a depression that knew no bounds of class or race. (Computerization alone eliminated tens of thousands of traditional middle-class positions.) To counter this threat, many steps were taken—the postwar suburban building boom was one—but not the least was the creation of a college-trained bureaucracy to administer the proliferating, euphemistically entitled, "anti-poverty" programs. Estimates of the job slots thus created vary, but the number is clearly more than a million; one program, mental health, is responsible for upwards of 200,000 jobs, most of them at the professional skill and income level.

The mental health system, in fact, is in many ways a useful exemplar of the new poverty protocol, not only because of its job-providing proclivities but because of the economic criteria (as contrasted to the "liberal" ones) by which it makes its decisions about its clientele.

As recently as 1955, the federal government was spending less than $10 million annually for the care of people diagnosed as mentally ill. By 1975 the sum was approximately $10 billion, an amount that does not include matching funds from state, county and city governments. Most of this money has gone to the construction and staffing of the community mental health clinics that were legislated into existence as part of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society program. The impetus for the Mental Health Act came from a humanitarian, liberal belief (backed by findings of the American Psychiatric Associa-

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tion) that the nation's mental asylums, with their snake-pitlike atmosphere, harmed more people than they helped and that most patients—thanks largely to the development of major tranquilizers like Thorazine—could be better cared for while living in their own community.

Although the services of the mental health clinics are legally available to anyone (those who can afford to paying their own bills, government paying for the poor), in practice they have become poverty agencies. Philadelphia offers a situation that is typical of most major metropolitan areas. A 1978 study there showed that three-quarters of the mental health clinic clients were on welfare, with the large majority of the remainder earning less than $10,000 a year. The same income breakdown holds for clinics in the four much more affluent counties of suburban Philadelphia, suggesting that the numbers of poor clients of these clinics have no relationship to the percentage of the poor in the total population.

The middle class has largely avoided the mental health centers. Quite understandably, they prefer, as long as they can afford it, to seek psychiatric care privately and not expose their needs to the world. The respectable middle class also probably finds unappetizing the company they would keep at the clinics. Even if they have no objections to sitting on benches waiting their turn along with poor people, they might well want to avoid enforced association with the convicted felons who are regularly assigned to the clinics on psychiatric probation. (The welfare patients, who can't afford private care, have no way of avoiding the convicts.) But an at least equally important reason why the middle class avoids the clinics is the fact that they do not know about them; one health management system expert says his studies indicate that, outside of their existent clientele, public awareness of the clinics is at about 5 percent level.

Well aware of the clinics, and making heavy use of them, are the social workers in the public assistance agency network. Occasionally, no doubt, a social worker makes a referral simply because the clinic is an option that is available—it is something that can be "done" for a client. Sometimes the clinics themselves scout out clients from the welfare rosters because they need them to fulfill the terms of a federal research grant. (No bodies, no more money.)

In most instances, however, the referral is made in the expectation that the clinic will indeed provide therapy or (minimally) tranquilizing drugs that will reduce a client's anxiety level, and such treatment will be offered even though the client's "acting out," as it is usually called, may actually be a proper response to a perceived futureless life. (It seems no mere coincidence that the typical clinic patient is not a diagnosed paranoid schizophrenic but an unhappy, young, impoverished black woman with small children and less than a high school education.) The systematic premise is that poverty can't be treated, but the response to poverty is treated.

The treatment that is provided by the clinics, however, may not relate to the diagnosis of a patient's problem. (The issue here is not whether the diagnoses are correct but what the clinics do about them.) To use Philadelphia again as an example, the Department of Welfare pays a clinic $4 an hour for each patient undergoing "partial hospitalization," defined as three or more hours of treatment each time the patient shows up. Since the same system reimburses psychiatrist time at $15 an hour, this

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means that the partial hospitalization patient cannot "afford" to see a psychiatrist. As a result, such patients while away their time in group therapy sessions, most of them of the arts-and-crafts variety that were long the staple of the public insane asylums.

Because the cost of this therapy, presided over by a social worker, is less than $4 an hour per patient in groups of five or more, the clinic makes a profit. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that in Philadelphia, and in other cities with like systems, the clinics with the highest percentages of welfare patients also make the most use of partial hospitalization. A pattern is thereby created in which impoverished people go to clinics to get psychiatric care—typically because of problems specifically associated with their poverty—but, precisely because they are poor, they fail to get it; instead, they get another social worker, not unlike the one whose ability to "help" them took the form of referring them to the clinic in the first place.

Mental health clinics, however, serve not only the poor shuffled over to them by caseworkers but they also retain their legalized function of providing after-care for patients released to "community living" by mental hospitals. This service includes finding homes for those whose families cannot or will not care for them. In such cases, the clinics ordinarily have only one of two choices: to place the client either in a boarding home or in a skilled-care nursing facility. Theoretically, the choice made is based on patient needs; those with self-care abilities go to the boarding homes or hotels, while those debilitated by physical ailments and age, as well as mental problems (often exacerbated by the devastating side effects of years of tranquilizer medication) are shunted into the nursing homes.

In practice, however, the nursing home is the domicile of choice because the federal government, under Medicaid provisions, will pay for a majority of that cost while it will not contribute to boarding home placements. As a result, nursing homes in recent years have replaced the asylums as the single largest housing site for people diagnosed as mentally ill in the United States.

Since mental patients with their own financial resources can avoid such involuntary placements, it is once again the poor who provide for the nonpoor. One such nonpoor person was the owner of a string of New Jersey boarding homes who, it was revealed in 1978, netted more than $100,000 a year from the welfare and Social Security checks turned over to him by the clients the system provided. A Pennsylvania nursing home proprietor, whose clientele consisted almost exclusively of impoverished patients sent by mental hospitals, in 1976 paid himself a salary of $232,600 out of the government checks he received. The residents at his facility were observed scrounging in garbage cans for food.

Such horrendous exploitations of the poor are reminiscent in kind, if not in scale, of the profiteering of the 19th-century industrial robber barons. They are, nevertheless, the kind of problems which the system is capable of rectifying, in theory anyway, by giving the administrators greater police power than they now have. The administrators, after all, do not *want* their clients abused; as Ira Glasser correctly observes, their intentions are almost always good.

Despite such obvious (and remediable) abuses, the system itself can be perceived as generally a successful one. It generates income for its supervisor class and even larger amounts for those whose services the supervisors purchase, doing so by maneuvering the clientele along series of circular paths (from the home of physical and moral hunger to arts and crafts and back again; from the snake-pit hospital to the snake-pit nursing and boarding homes and often back to the hospital again), so that the clients never serve themselves but always the system they make possible.

As long as this role of the poor remains the accepted economic vision of their function, and is not replaced by a vision of them as productive workers, the mental health clinics, like all other poverty manipulations, will continue systematically resistant to any but the most cosmetic reforms. □

DINOSAURS & NEANDERTHALS

THE NEW RIGHT vs. THE GOP

J. BRIAN SMITH

The Republican Party could be having a good year in 1978 if all the Republican Party had to worry about were the Democrats. Incredibly, though, just when the beleaguered GOP is showing signs of health not dreamed possible two summers ago, its biggest threat comes from its own right wing.

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The New Right—the "dinosaurs," as they are called within moderate Republican circles—is determined systematically to oust Republican incumbents who do not agree with them on all issues at all times. To hear its spokesmen tell it, ideologically awry Republicans are more "evil" than even the most liberal Democrats. So they raise their funds and plot their strategy, often brilliantly, in order to rid the GOP of its impure elements.

I detest the New Right and I want it understood that my emotions have nothing to do with its philosophy. On the contrary, like many other Republicans, I am frequently made proud by the party's diversity. I have

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often seen Maryland Rep. Robert Bauman, a conservative, save the day for the minority with his mastery of parliamentary procedure. I have also listened spellbound to the oratorical skill in hot legislative debate of the liberal Illinois Congressman, John Anderson. On both occasions I have been proud to be a Republican.

My problem with the New Right is that it will tolerate a Robert Bauman because he fits its rigid ideological specifications, but wants to stamp out a John Anderson because he does not. Indeed, Anderson, a member of the House Republican leadership, narrowly survived a bitter primary challenge this year that was organized and funded by the New Right.

Anderson is by no means the only Republican target to be found in the cross hairs of the New Right. Dozens of other Republican officeholders find themselves more threatened by Republican opposition than by anyone the Democrats seem capable of bringing forward. In Maine, where the GOP has one of its few chances to pick up a Senate seat in November, Rep. William Cohen's race against incumbent Sen. William Hathaway has been compromised by the entry of an independent right-wing candidate recruited by the New Right. He has no chance of winning; his only purpose is to prevent the election of Cohen, the owner of a moderate voting record. It matters nothing to the New Right that Cohen's Democratic opponent has probably the most liberal voting record in the U.S. Senate.

Aside from actually running its people against incumbent Republicans, the New Right is balking the GOP's potential rise from the ashes with an incessant flow of negativism and intra-party bickering. Consider the following examples:

¶ Howard Baker of Tennessee, the Senate Republican Leader, agonized for several months over which position to take on the proposed Panama Canal treaties. Despite considerable pressure from the New Right, he finally announced his support. Almost instantly he received a letter signed by fourteen House Republicans who informed him that his pro-treaty stand was incompatible with his responsibilities as Floor Leader and that he ought to step down while the Senate debated the issue. The Congressmen suggested that Michigan Sen. Robert Griffin, whom Baker edged by one vote for the top leadership spot, take over the reins. Griffin, learning of the letter, advised the Republican members to mind their own business.

¶ Edward Brooke is a Republican Senator from Massachusetts, the only state to go for McGovern in 1972, as bedrock a Democratic area as one can find. Last October, Republican voters in Massachusetts and elsewhere received a letter charging that Brooke had "done a great deal to oppose conservatives" and had voted much of the time with Edward Kennedy, the Senate's "Mr. Liberal." The letter, signed by Republican Congressman Steven Symms of Idaho, solicited financial support for Brooke's right-wing primary opponent. Eight GOP Senators then lodged a formal protest with GOP National Chairman William Brock against the "cannibalism" implied by the Symms letter. Brock agreed and suggested to Republicans everywhere that "our diversity can be our greatest strength."

¶ Mary Crisp, co-chairman of the Republican National Committee, has earned the antipathy of the New Right by supporting the Equal Rights Amendment as well as by her attempts to broaden the base of the party. When, last year, she was quoted in an interview with an Ohio newspaper as disagreeing with former Governor Reagan on a minor point, she was hit with a blast from Reagan aide Lyn Nofziger that was circulated to conservatives across the country. In October, when Brock accepted an invitation to address a Republican audience in Ms. Crisp's home state of Arizona, she sent a *pro forma* request to state GOP Chairman James Colter asking for permission to introduce her boss. Colter, a rabid right-winger, lashed out at her "presumption," adding, "I fail to see why I should afford you the high profile" of introducing Brock.

Examples of New Right meddling in Republican Party rebuilding efforts are numerous. In Virginia last year, John Dalton's campaign for Governor was running smoothly until the New Right decided to put on a mail campaign attacking the record of Henry Howell, his Democratic opponent, on school busing. The letter, signed by Virginia Republican Congressman J. Kenneth Robinson, was so filled with distortions that it gave Howell a chance to decry the "smear tactics" being employed against him. Dalton, who was not consulted about the mailing, was obliged to call a press conference and apologize for the "unnecessary and counterproductive" interference from the New Right. One wishes they would go away, these dinosaurs.

The leadership of the Republican Party has been reaching out to potential new electoral constituencies as never before. One example is National Chairman Brock's campaign to attract black voters. Already this novel effort has paid impressive dividends, as when the Rev. Jesse Jackson surprised everyone by suggesting that blacks should register Republican in order to "broaden their options."

Republican candidates are wising up as well. In years past many of them were criticized for dwelling on such cerebral topics as budget deficits and balance of payments. Now, at seminars run by leading party professionals, GOP candidates are counseled to drop the old rhetoric in favor of "people issues"—the high cost of food, financing a college education and the like. It appears to be working. The party has raised more money than it can spend—not from big business (which gave more to Democrats than Republicans in the last election) but from small donors. Last year 97 percent of the contributions received by the National Republican Congressional Committee were in amounts of $100 or less.

Democrats are doing their own bit to boost the GOP. President Carter's deteriorating public approval rating has triggered speculation that he may be a one-term President. For all the talk about Thomas "Tip" O'Neill being one of the strongest Speakers in history, the Democrat-run Congress has yet to pass an energy bill. And virtually all of the serious allegations of Korean-related scandal were placed squarely at the Democratic Party doorstep.

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The Democratic leadership has sniffed danger in the wind. Since November 1976, there have been six special elections for House seats, all of which had been held previously by Democrats; the Republicans won four of them. But because the New Right is committed to the defeat of ideologically objectionable Republicans as well as liberal Democrats, the GOP is approaching the November elections with less momentum than it would have had if the dinosaurs had reserved their wrath for the other party. It's not that the New Right is all that strong; in fact its strength is vastly overrated. But the negative activities are causing a drain on the spirit of a minority party weary of defeat.

Who are the people who make up the New Right? More important, why are they so determined to check the advance of the Republican Party? It's a lot easier to say who they are *not*. They are not, for example, "conservatives" in the traditional sense. The GOP's top leaders—Brock, Rhodes and Baker—are all considered political conservatives. Yet John Rhodes could have been speaking for all three when he complained of the New Right that "whenever I take a position which is somewhat offbeat, maybe a little unpredictable, the roof caves in."

It is similarly unfair to attribute the negative activities of the New Right to the *very* conservative elements of the GOP. California Rep. John Rousselot is a case in point. As conservative on most issues as one can be without falling off the right-hand edge of the world, Rousselot is credited with having devised a clever scheme to rescue his liberal colleague and friend, Paul McCloskey, from a bitter right-wing challenge in 1974. Back then it was considered taboo for party leaders to become involved in primary contests. Nevertheless, to save his friend, Rousselot invented a "nonpolitical" reason to bring then Vice President Gerald Ford into McCloskey's district to speak. Ford's implicit endorsement (he was used subsequently in television ads) was a key factor in McCloskey's narrow victory.

As far as elected politicians are concerned, the list of bona fide New Righters is surprisingly small. Of the fourteen Republican Governors, only New Hampshire's Meldrim Thomson, who doubles as chairman of the Conservative Caucus, fits the description of a true dinosaur. In the Senate, most of the New Right's water is carried by Jesse Helms of North Carolina, with occasional help from Strom Thurmond of South Carolina and Paul Laxalt of Nevada. In the House, the New Right derives vocal support from Illinois Rep. Philip Crane, chairman of the American Conservative Union. Currently seeking the GOP's nomination for President, Crane once told a Washington audience that the Republican Party is to him a "passing interest," one of far less importance than "The Cause." Other die-hard adherents to "The Cause" in the House are Mickey Edwards of Oklahoma, Steven Symms of Idaho, John Ashbrook of Ohio and, at various times, Robert Dornan of California and Robert Bauman of Maryland.

But these elected individuals do not represent the real threat to the Republican Party; their influence is slight beyond their own states. The real directors of the New Right, the ones who set and carry out the anti-moderate strategy, are a talented group of nonelected technocrats. Paul Weyrich of the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, John Dolan of the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC), Howard Phillips of the Conservative Caucus, Morton Blackwell of the Committee for Responsible Youth Politics, Lyn Nofziger and, above all, Richard Viguerie are the ones who strike fear into the hearts of many Republican incumbents who hold moderate-to-liberal voting patterns and public positions.

Viguerie is an expert in political direct mail, "one of the three or four best in the country," according to Wyatt Stewart, one-time Viguerie protégé and currently the respected director of finance for the Republican Congressional Committee. While praising his former boss as "phenomenally successful," Stewart believes that Viguerie's recent work suggests he may be "spread too thin."

Nevertheless, under Viguerie's guidance, the five major conservative political action committees have raised and spent more than $5 million since the last national election, much of it going to defeat Republican incumbents. Reagan recently announced that his committee, Citizens for the Republic, would no longer give money to aid intraparty challenges. However, considering the tight framework of the New Right fund-raising mechanism and the fact that many of the decisions about whom to oppose are made collectively, many political commentators are skeptical about whether Reagan will do more than change the way he keeps his books.

It is true that Reagan himself has gone to great lengths since he bloodied a GOP President in the 1976 primaries to observe the "Eleventh Commandment" (Thou shalt not speak ill of a fellow Republican), but most of the politicos who gravitate toward him observe no such piety. Says Weyrich: "We are different from previous generations of conservatives. We are no longer working to preserve the status quo. We are radicals working to overturn the present power structure of this country." Howard Phillips is even more picturesque. His allegiance to the Republican Party is such that he recently registered as a Democrat in order to challenge Sen. Edward Brooke in Massachusetts. "We organize discontent," he explains, adding, "We must prove our ability to get revenge on people who go against us . . . we'll be after them if they vote the wrong way."

Why the big fuss over Republicans who vote the "wrong" way? Isn't the real political game a matter of numbers—control of, say, the Congress—and don't large numbers entail diversity of thought and opinion? The answer is that the New Right has given up on the Republican Party as a viable force in American political life. And having given up all hope of ever reaching a GOP majority, the New Right has determined to settle for ideological purity.

Says Viguerie: "I don't believe in my lifetime you will ever again be able to successfully market the word 'Republican.' You could as easily sell the Edsel or Typhoid Mary. The Republican Party is like a disabled tank on the bridge impeding the troops from crossing to the

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other side. You've got to take that tank and throw it in the river."

As I see it, the Republican leaders face a difficult decision with respect to the New Right. They must either persuade it that the chances for significant gains in November are good and that it must agree to restrict its fire to objectionable Democrats, or they must cut this obstruction loose once and for all. For some time the New Right has been threatening to break away from the GOP. Perhaps the GOP ought now to follow the example of Abraham Lincoln who, on learning from an aide that a resignation letter submitted to him by a Cabinet officer was the third such attempt, announced, "I guess it's about time we took him up on it."

Certainly it would be better for the Republicans if the New Right agreed to fall in line; a minority party cannot afford to lose any of its support. And, there is much positive work that the New Right *could* do for the GOP if only it would. One example is the tax cut proposal introduced by New York Congressman Jack Kemp and Delaware Sen. William Roth—just the sort of program that could help dispel the "anti-people" image that the GOP carries everywhere. Why doesn't the New Right play up the Kemp-Roth bill instead of carping incessantly about Panama, the ERA and other issues it is *against*?

The answer to that question goes to the heart of what the New Right is and how it thinks. Conciliation and a positive attitude have never been its strong suits. A recent illustration comes to mind. Soon after President Carter announced his plan to extend until Election Day the period in which citizens can register to vote, the Republican Party leadership—Baker, Brock and Rhodes—surprised the White House by endorsing the concept. Then, under the searing heat from the New Right, Baker and Brock retracted their support; only Rhodes held firm. Careful to make his support contingent on White House acceptance of several important changes in the bill, the House Republican Leader took the statesmanlike position that voter apathy at the polls is bad for the country and that Republicans ought not to fear a greater turnout.

The next issue of Ronald Reagan's newsletter carried a cartoon of Rhodes, dressed in ancient Roman garb and plunging a dagger into the body of the GOP elephant. The caption: *"Et tu, Rhodé?"*

The New Right might have blasted Rhodes's position on voter registration; it might have encouraged its readers to write him in protest. Instead, it depicted the House Republican Leader—a long-time conservative who has labored tirelessly for the party—as a *traitor*!

That tells a lot about how dinosaurs think. □

CHINA AND VIETNAM

ASIA'S NEW COLD WAR

GARETH PORTER

The disintegration of relations between China and Vietnam in 1978 came with a swiftness and acrimony on both sides which stunned outside observers. But in retrospect, it is apparent that this was only the final phase of a far-reaching political realignment in East Asia which was inevitable once the United States withdrew its military power from Indochina. The realignment began with the Sino-American détente in the early 1970s and accelerated when the Vietnamese revolutionaries defeated the U.S.-backed Saigon regime in 1975. The new cold war between Peking and Hanoi is likely to be a major factor in the international politics of East Asia for many years to come. And the United States, which hopes to normalize relations with both its former enemies in the coming months, will have to devise a policy toward the conflict.

The clash between Vietnam and China has taken on the same fundamental, irreversible character as the Sino-Soviet conflict. In addition to the competing claims to the Spratly and Paracel Islands, the mainland border has become extremely tense. Vietnamese officials say that China now has thirteen divisions in the border region, and the Vietnamese themselves have moved five divisions to the north. In July Chinese warplanes penetrated 25 to 30 kilometers into Vietnam, and Western military sources reported that the Chinese had reinforced their Southern naval fleet with heavily armed missile boats. Hanoi Radio reports that the Chinese have begun to induce Yao and Meo minorities in the mountainous provinces of North Vietnam to emigrate to China, their original home.

Both China and Vietnam now claim to see a long-term threat to the security of Southeast Asia from the other. Vietnamese officials have suggested that the rest of Southeast Asia should take note of the Chinese use of ethnic Chinese communities to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries. Deputy Premier Le Thanh Nghi referred on July 25 to the "sinister schemes of the international reactionaries"—the new Vietnamese term for China—and their "hope for achieving expansionist ambitions in Southeast Asia." *Peking Review*, on the other hand, played on the suspicions of non-Communist neighbors of Vietnamese intentions when it charged that Vietnam "dreams of becoming the overlord in Southeast Asia."

The Sino-Vietnamese conflict surfaced in May when China publicly accused Vietnam of systematically per-

Gareth Porter, author of A Peace Denied: the United States, Vietnam and the Paris Agreement (*Indiana University Press*), *is now working on a book on the future of international politics in Southeast Asia.*

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secuting and expelling Chinese residents in Vietnam. Vietnamese sources say China has organized a network of agents in South Vietnam during the past several years. Within a few weeks, China had withdrawn all of its seventy-two aid projects from Vietnam and recalled its Ambassador, virtually breaking ties with Hanoi.

Vietnam's policy toward ethnic Chinese or "Hoa people," has undoubtedly angered China, which had publicly declared its intention to protect the interests of overseas Chinese throughout Southeast Asia. As tensions with China have grown over the past three years, Vietnamese controls over Hoa people have certainly increased, particularly in sensitive jobs and areas near the Chinese border. Chinese officers of the Vietnamese People's Army, who had participated in the Chinese Communist resistance to the Japanese, and had held dual membership in the Vietnamese and Chinese Communist Parties, were forced to leave the Vietnamese Party. When North and South Vietnam were reunified in 1976, those Hoa people who had been compelled by the former Saigon regime to become Vietnamese citizens automatically became citizens of the Socialist Republic of Vietnam. A 1955 agreement provided that Chinese residents in the North would become Vietnamese citizens after a period of education by the Vietnamese Party. Moreover, it provided that those in the South would be the subject of further consultation after liberation.

It now seems clear that China deliberately chose to provoke a confrontation over the question of ethnic Chinese. The large-scale emigration which took place—estimated at some 180,000 ethnic Chinese—was certainly not in Vietnam's interests, since it hurt the already crisis-ridden Vietnamese economy. (The 5,000 Chinese who left the port at Haiphong and the coal mine at Hon Gai are considered specialists whose skills cannot be quickly replaced.) Vietnam charges, with considerable credibility, that the Chinese Embassy in Hanoi incited the exodus by an April rumor campaign warning Hoa people that a war between Vietnam and China was inevitable. The Vietnamese have published the confession of an ethnic Chinese captured the first week in June saying that the Chinese Embassy was involved in spreading the rumor that because China was backing Kampuchea against Vietnam, a "big war" would break out in which ethnic Chinese would become the target of Vietnamese wrath.

The real causes of the present hostility between the two countries stem from two sources: the Chinese conviction that Vietnam has decided to side with the Soviet Union—and Vietnam's fear that China is trying to isolate Vietnam and force it to follow China's international line. By 1972, China had decided that the Soviet Union was the primary enemy, and that the United States could be a useful ally against the Soviets. China began supporting all international forces opposed to the Soviets and their allies, whether in Europe, Africa, Latin America or Asia. This fear of Soviet influence made for some rather strange alliances—such as China's support of the South African and U.S.-backed UNITA guerrilla faction in Angola. When the war in Indochina ended, China stepped up its pressure on Vietnam to drop its close relations with the Soviets and to acknowledge the danger of Soviet "hegemony." When Vietnamese Party Secretary Le Duan visited Peking in late September 1975, the Chinese pressed for Vietnamese agreement to a statement with the usual "anti-hegemony" clause, but he refused. The Chinese did not respond to Vietnamese pleas for long-term economic aid, and the Vietnamese left earlier than scheduled without a joint communiqué and without giving the usual return banquet.

Le Duan went on to Moscow, where he signed an economic aid agreement with the Soviets to cover Vietnam's 1976-80 five year plan. The Chinese retaliated by ending their grant aid program for Vietnam, despite Chou En-lai's June 1973 pledge to the Vietnamese to continue grant aid at the 1973 level for five more years.

At the same time, China began to pursue a new diplomatic policy of encouraging Southeast Asian states to collaborate with one another and with the United States to oppose Soviet and Vietnamese influence. After Thai Premier Kukrit Pramoj visited China to normalize relations, signing a communiqué including the anti-hegemony clause, he quoted Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping as saying that an "Asian Third World non-superpower" was "attempting to establish hegemony over other countries." The identity of that nation could hardly have been mistaken. China also arranged for Thailand and Cambodia to move toward establishing diplomatic relations, flying Cambodian officials into Bangkok in Chinese planes in October 1975. And after Henry Kissinger visited China that same month, he reported that China had asked the United States to improve relations with Cambodia and offered to assist in the process.

Throughout 1975, the Chinese were indicating to Southeast Asian states that China favored the maintenance of U.S. military bases and forces in the region, and suggested that it did not trust Vietnam to remain independent of the Soviets. In a conversation with Philippine President Marcos, Vice Premier Teng remarked bitterly that Peking would "never let Hanoi give the Russians a base in Indochina." And Peking encouraged the Thai Government to keep U.S. bases at a time when Vietnam was insisting on an end to the Thai-U.S. military relationship as a condition for normalization of relations.

Finally, the Chinese made a point in late 1975 of restating China's claim to the Paracels and Spratlys, two groups of small, uninhabited islands in the South China Sea which both China and Vietnam had claimed since the early 19th century. The islands were not a source of serious conflict until geological surveys suggested that significant oil deposits might be found in the area. China, which had seized the Paracels from the Saigon government forces in combined sea and air operations in January 1974, had refused to respond to notes from Hanoi calling for negotiations to settle the issue. In late 1975, a Peking newspaper, after stating China's claim on the islands, warned that China would "never allow others to invade or occupy our territory, whatever the pretext."

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By this time, the Chinese were viewing every Vietnamese move, whether internal or external, as a reflection of Soviet influence. Chinese officials now say that even the Vietnamese decision in late 1975 to reunify North and South Vietnam was "at Soviet instigation," suggesting that Peking would have preferred to keep Vietnam divided for a longer period. When the Pathet Lao ousted Premier Souvanna Phouma, abolished the Lao monarchy and set up the Lao People's Democratic Republic in December 1975, Chinese officials privately described it as a "Vietnamese coup" and the first step toward bringing Indochina under Vietnamese domination.

Kampuchea has played a central role in China's strategy of containing Vietnam's influence in Southeast Asia. The Kampuchean Party leadership had been at odds with the Vietnamese since the early 1960s over the issues of supporting Norodom Sihanouk or waging armed struggle against him and Vietnamese influence within the Kampuchean Party. According to Vietnamese officials the close ties between the Chinese and Kampuchean Parties began in mid-1965 when Pol Pot visited Peking. Beginning in 1973, Pol Pot and his close allies took steps to weaken the Vietnamese-trained wing of the party, liquidating many of those who had fought with the Vietminh in the anti-French resistance in Cambodia and lived in North Vietnam until 1970.

With Chinese encouragement, the internal purge of suspected pro-Vietnamese elements resumed in 1976, including the arrest and execution of at least five members of the Central Committee, many military commanders and, in some districts, the entire cadre structure.

Chinese Foreign Minister Huang Hua praised the Kampuchean Party in a July 1977 speech to foreign ministry cadres for having tried those elements in the Kampuchean military who represented "Soviet revisionism."

The Pol Pot leadership was probably afraid that some of its internal opponents would try to organize against the regime because of its new openly pro-Chinese, anti-Vietnamese line. The desire to put any such opponents in the position of being "traitors" appears to have been behind Kampuchea's rejection of negotiations on the border problem in 1976. Its stepped-up attacks on the border in early 1977 culminated in a coordinated offensive deep into Vietnamese territory along a 150-mile front in Tay Ninh Province on September 24-25, 1977.

Hanoi's diplomatic troubleshooter, Deputy Foreign Minister Phan Hien, was sent to Peking in October to try to negotiate with Kampuchea and to discuss the problem with China. After more than two weeks his mission ended in frustration and the Vietnamese then launched a major counterattack, thrusting deep into Kampuchean territory to "punish" the Kampucheans and force a negotiated settlement. While fighting in Kampuchea, the Vietnamese learned from prisoners that Chinese advisers and instructors are placed throughout the Kampuchean Army. U.S. intelligence now estimates that there are as many as 10,000 Chinese military personnel in Kampuchea, two-thirds of whom are working on construction of roads and rail lines.

China stepped up its arms deliveries to Kampuchea in January, including long-range 130 mm and 150 mm artillery which were used to destroy Vietnamese province and district towns near the border. The supply of these new weapons came just as Vietnam was pulling its troops back from Kampuchean territory and offering, on February 5, a new peace proposal, calling for both sides to cease fire, withdraw to 5 kilometers behind the frontier and negotiate a border treaty, with an international guarantee and supervision. The Vietnamese waited for signs that the Chinese would now exercise restraint and urge its Kampuchean allies to negotiate on the new proposal. But the arms shipments continued, and Kampuchea refused to discuss the peace plan. Peking's Ambassador in Vientiane seemed to confirm Vietnamese suspicions that China had no interest in a quick settlement of the conflict, when he predicted a "long, long war" between Vietnam and Kampuchea.

Despite Chinese backing for Kampuchea against Vietnam, and radio reports on the mass exodus of ethnic Chinese from Vietnam, Peking refrained from direct public attack against Vietnam until National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski's visit to China in May. According to officials familiar with the U.S.-Chinese talks in Peking, Teng Hsiao-ping vented his fury at the Vietnamese, likening China's frustration with Vietnam to U.S. feelings about Cuba after the Soviet Union began its military buildup there. What Brzezinski said to Teng on Vietnam is not known, but his public remarks, including a reference to "regional hegemony," could only be interpreted as basic agreement with the Chinese view of Vietnam. As Brzezinski was en route from Peking to Tokyo, China published its first major blast at Vietnam on the ethnic Chinese issue.

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After the Chinese launched their propaganda broadside against Vietnam, the Vietnamese accused Peking of a "plot to cause difficulties for Vietnam's socialist construction" and pointed to the coordination of policies directed against Vietnam by China and Kampuchea. Central Committee member Hoang Tung, who expresses the official view of the party leadership, declared in an interview in Tokyo on May 27 that the Chinese wanted to "provoke a disease which is not fatal but [which would] keep us always sick."

China's anti-Vietnamese moves have forced Hanoi to make major readjustments in its foreign policy. To establish a new balance in its international relations, Hanoi has moved still closer to the Soviet Union for economic, military and diplomatic support. But at the same time it has cleared the way for diplomatic relations with the United States, while adopting a much more friendly stance toward the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN).

By mid-1976 Vietnam was already abandoning the careful balancing act between the Soviets and Chinese, which it had maintained throughout the war against the United States, in response to the signs of new demands from China for adherence to its anti-Soviet line. Hoang Tung told a Swedish correspondent that "political and cultural pressure" from China had to be "neutralized," and that Vietnam was beginning "more and more to lean toward the Soviet Union," because of the "tangibly strong Soviet interest coinciding with Vietnamese interests—to reduce Chinese influence in this part of the world."

But the Vietnamese tilt toward Moscow did not put Vietnam in the Soviet orbit. While backing Soviet foreign policies in Africa and Europe, Hanoi continued to take an independent stance on some issues of concern to the Soviets, such as its support for the right of Communist Parties in Western Europe to pursue independent political lines, even when they are at odds with Soviet interests.

The Vietnamese have continued to resist any pressure from the Soviets to limit Vietnam's diplomatic and economic relations with the West. According to a French diplomat, when Premier Pham Van Dong planned a trip to Paris in April 1977 to seek major aid and investments from the French, the Soviet Ambassador in Hanoi angrily accused the French Ambassador of trying to subvert Soviet-Vietnamese relations. He declared that Hanoi could not be permitted to change the long-established relationship with the Soviet Union by turning to the West for aid. But Dong went to Paris anyway and returned with new pledges of French assistance.

The Vietnamese have moved another step closer to Moscow, joining Comecon, the Soviet dominated economic organization, in which it has held observer status for several years. Soviet sources indicate that the Vietnamese will receive more economic assistance from Comecon members as a result of its membership, suggesting a quid pro quo arrangement. In view of the new threat to their security, the Vietnamese also need increased military assistance to expand their military forces, which Soviet sources say they have agreed to supply. And the Soviet decision to send a naval task force near the Spratlys and Paracels during the second half of May could be another result of closer Vietnamese relations with Moscow.

But contrary to the obsessive Chinese fear of a Soviet military base in Vietnam, the Vietnamese still rule out any Soviet military presence in the country. Soviet sources confirm that the Vietnamese express confidence in their ability to defend themselves against China, as they have in previous historical confrontations with their northern neighbor. They say they need only technical assistance, not Soviet personnel.

The most important Vietnamese adjustment to the conflict with China has been its decision to put high priority on diplomatic relations with the United States and a new understanding with the Association of Southeast Asian Nations. Since the end of the war in Vietnam, Hanoi had continued to regard the United States as the primary threat to its security and interests, while noting the increasing convergence of U.S. and Chinese policies. In response to Chinese military support for Kampuchea, Vietnam put the United States and China on equal footing as enemies of Vietnam, regarding them both as "international imperialists and reactionaries."

But following the events of May and June, the Vietnamese leaders apparently came to a conclusion which will profoundly affect the international relations of the area for many years to come: the main threat to Vietnam was now from China, and while U.S. and Chinese policies are parallel in many respect, they may still diverge sufficiently in Southeast Asia to make diplomatic relations with the United States advantageous. In keeping with this new assessment, Phan Hien indicated in Tokyo on July 10 that Vietnam was prepared to drop the demand for "healing the wounds of war" as a precondition for normalization of relations with the United States.

The new Vietnamese policy toward ASEAN is to negotiate with the organization to find a commonly agreed formula for a "zone of peace and neutrality" in Southeast Asia. On a trip to Bangkok in July, Phan Hien told the press that the only difference between Vietnam's concept of such a zone and ASEAN's concept was a "semantic" one which could be narrowed through negotiations. The Chinese, on the other hand, are warning ASEAN states to shun Vietnamese approaches on the ground that any regional agreement which includes Vietnam would give Hanoi the leadership role in the region.

The new cold war between Vietnam and China, complicated by the hot war between Kampuchea and Vietnam, presents both problems and opportunities for U.S. policy. Thus far, the only hint of a policy toward the conflict has been National Security Adviser Brzezinski's implicitly anti-Vietnamese remarks in his toast in Peking last May. Should Washington confirm Brzezinski's pro-China tilt in the future, it would not only encourage the most aggressive policy toward Vietnam by China but push the Vietnamese further toward the Soviets and perhaps arrest the progress toward an agreement between Vietnam and ASEAN. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Discreet Charm of Soviet Reality

THE LONG GOODBYE. *By Yury Trifonov. Harper & Row. $12.95. Paper $4.95.*

VERA DUNHAM

When feeling reasonably lugubrious about the world at large, my faith in cultural exchange weakens. Both haphazard and contrived, it compounds and confuses matters of understanding, dividing foreign authors into the major, minor, and plain insignificant. What might be artistically insignificant at Barnes & Noble need not be in Dom Knigi. Without the proper context, the best "slice of life" turns into soap. And right now the time seems bad for any export, especially one from Russia. The celebrated universals of literature dwindle while, perversely, the unexportable particularities and parochialisms prove resilient, and worthy of attention.

With this convoluted caveat emptor out of the way, I am not selling Yury Trifonov to anyone. He is an important novelist in Russia, but it is doubtful that the Western reader will be inclined to respond to him as to a major writer. For one thing, Western taste makers seeking "innovation" are disappointed by both streams of Russian literature, domestic and émigré. Even Solzhenitsyn has been found old hat. And, indeed, together with Tendriakov and Shukshin, Rasputin and Belov, Zalygin and Aksionov, Trifonov resists experimentation. Such abstinence forms a curious bond between the good Russian prose writers. They echo Chekhov and Tolstoy. Yes, both.

Trifonov's prose is above all cognitive, exploratory. Ever since his first novel, *Students*, published in 1950 when he was 25 years old, he has explored the mores and carvings of Soviet philistinism, *meshchanstvo*, in its urban, professional, and specifically Moscovite recension. Writing in that first novel about the early postwar adjustments of young war veterans to student life—and doing that under Zhdanovite coercion—it is remarkable how much he managed to say. Middle-class dreams of prosperity and the thematic cluster of treason, careerism, and cowardice bind this early work to Trifonov's recent major achievement, *House on the Embankment* (1976) which will soon be published here and which has stirred up a good deal of controversy in Russia.

The damages of Stalinism live on in Trifonov's successful middle class and find their most chilling expression in Vadim Glebov, the protagonist of *House on the Embankment*, a jaded cunning nonentity, one of the most unsettling specimens under the author's microscope. Here, as elsewhere, Trifonov is an old-fashioned psychologist, a master of characterization, an even greater master of the space and interaction between the individuals he observes in their craving for love, status, and self-respect. His verbal texture is tight without being cryptic, rich without being overstuffed. Its purpose is singularly concrete, descriptive, centripetal. Abstaining rigorously from didacticism, from social problem solving, from generalizing, and especially from prettying things up, from everything Socialist realism demands, he is a chronicler equipped with a wondersome butterfly net for the meaningful detail. One might, therefore, think that his posture is that of detachment and objectivity. But he is really too Tolstoyan for that. Authorial values, entrusted to a clear-spoken narrator, are palpable in every paragraph. And it is his moral judgment, clear and strong, yet free of pompousness, that makes Trifonov an important writer. Thus, his centripetal stylization with its parochial folding unto itself turns out to be centrifugal after all.

It is difficult to summarize the plots of his stories because, in a way, they have no plots. He re-creates the way of life of Moscow engineers, writers, professors, actors and their families. What he writes about are family feuds, professionals who aspire to *kultura*, the trappings of their lives—ardently sought after tables with inlaid Empire medallions, fashionable rural antiques, pianos, TV sets, fur coats and automobiles. And yet what seems Russian in Trifonov's approach to his unprepossessing cast of characters and their pursuits is the emphasis on the need for love:

> Yet if a person doesn't feel the love of those who are close to him, then no matter how ideologically sound, spiritually he begins to suffocate. There simply isn't enough air for him to breathe.

Instead of belaboring Trifonov's craft and manner, one is tempted to simply string together the illuminating details of human conduct in his sober tales, of the longing and loathing for one another, and finger them like the worry beads that they are. Trifonov worries. And so should the reader, indigenous and alien alike.

He writes about ordinary citizens. Since he is no prophet, makes no demands on humanity at large, and is no partisan of a special cause, one keeps worrying about the exportability of his stories. Can the alien reader become interested in bland creatures from a remote and rather drab world? In "Taking Stock," one of the three tales comprising *The Long Goodbye*, a Moscow family cannot function without a maid. There are only three of them: mother, father and their rather nasty son, a young student. Since the mother's disposition leaves much to be desired, the turnover of domestics is rapid. But

> one day there appeared a woman with a pale, waxen face who was bundled up like an old country woman. She was uncommunicative and unsmiling, but her eyes shone a clear blue. Her speech was barely audible, and her movements were slow. Nyura was only thirty-two years old, but she looked about forty-five: there was gray in her hair, her face was sunken—she had no teeth left—and she was almost completely deaf. She said proudly of herself, "I'm rotted through and through." She had lost her health and her teeth during the war, during a famine when she and her family had eaten bark to stay alive. Nyura was no less industrious than the others, only slower. On the other hand, she worked quietly, without saying a word. She didn't hear anything and she didn't irritate anyone.
>
> She had never married, and by now, of course, there was no hope of her finding anyone. Who would want such a poor, deaf woman? She did, it's true, have some money, having managed to put away something during her eight years of working in private homes. And as a war invalid she received a monthly pension of some thirty rubles. But in order to keep this precious pen-

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BUT THEN

I did not want
an abundance of angels,

but then the smooth hinge
of your shoulder blade arose,

the cement flamingos in the yard
rose, the sun began to lift up cars,

fish sang hymns through their gills,
the afghan on the bed was ablaze,

and the phone rang wrong and pleasant.
Waking up became like holding a balloon

and letting it go.

Hank Lazer

sion she was constantly having to outwit the authorities. In the domestic workers' employment office where Rita signed a contract with Nyura, they weren't supposed to know about the pension: for if they had known about it, they wouldn't have allowed her to sign the contract. And she absolutely had to have the contract, since without it she would lose her temporary residence permit. And the permit was necessary because Nyura hoped someday (in ten years, or so the authorities led her to believe) to gain the right to reside permanently in Moscow. In the pension office, on the other hand, they absolutely mustn't find out that Nyura was working as a domestic, since that would have been the end of the pension. So just try to get around that one! But Nyura had long known that no one was going to help her wrest from the authorities what she needed for her survival—there were no such people around: all her friends and relatives had died, and she could not count on any new ones to appear—and so she got around the authorities herself and protected her own interests as best she could.

"The secret terror" still possesses her, "the indelible memory of that long-ago famine that has gobbled up her young life and taken away her mother, sister, and brother," and her hand still trembles when slowly reaching out for a slice of bread at dinner. Yet, impulsively, she is kind and generous toward even those who had taken advantage of her. And then she smiles "covering her toothless mouth with her palm."

Having been served with tender devotion for years by this lonely woman, the icy masters dispose of her quickly and adroitly when she falls ill. This novella has been exceptionally well translated by Ellendea Proffer in simple and firm language. Yet the fleeting sketch of this other Matryona without whom, in Solzhenitsyn's words, "no city can stand; neither can the whole world," may not "sound." For it seems flat and sweet without its mandatory background: the undiminished grief over the war with its lingering consequence of doleful spinsterhood and widowhood and the author's compassionate courage, wedged between and above the lines, not to forget.

Writing remains a high-risk occupation in Russia. Alas, it might turn more perilous in the near future than it has been for a while. And that's the condition sine qua non which is least communicable. The peril alone makes cross-cultural comparisons of literary prowess absurd.

Trifonov has had his troubles with censors and with the stalinoid critics for his supposed proclivity to blacken, malign, and thereby compromise whatever they mean by Soviet reality. It is a safe guess that he will continue having trouble as he will continue to explore frictions and conflicts in the growing complexity of Soviet urban life. He is especially sensitive to cruelties, sometimes lethal and sometimes petty, inflicted on others and on the self. One of his sufferers, convincing as all his weaklings are, is Gennady, the protagonist of "Taking Stock." A free-lance translator of verse, he goes to pieces when his unpleasant son calls his work rubbish. It happens to be exactly what he too thinks of his work, his abilities, and his life. The poisonous quarrels with his wife as well as with his son drive him from his home. Defeated and malevolent, he moves alone to Turkmenia. As a member of Trifonov's portrait gallery of failures, meticulously honest with himself, this character, in addition, holds the key to the author's work. In an essay, "The Inexhaustible Beginning," Trifonov explains an important principle in his creative and ordering process:

> While working on the novella "Taking Stock," I have radically changed, unexpectedly for myself, the destiny of the main hero. The original design called for his death. And I have been writing almost the entire novella keeping in mind this sad ending. But when there remained only three or four last pages to do, I suddenly understood that he must not die. I let him live. And I even sent him on his vacation to the Riga seashore where he played tennis, walked, recovered, and made peace with his wife. And all this instead of lying dead in an urn of a crematorium. Don't you think it's a substantial change of destiny? But if you stop and think attentively, the purpose was to show not so much Gennady Sergeevich's destiny—although his destiny also!—but rather his *way of life* resulting from many different causes. Of course, death enters into the concept of a way of life as well. For people die their own way just as they live their own way. So, it would have been possible to close the tale with death. But it would have been a jolt breaking up the way of life, a sui generis catharsis, purification. Life without catharsis, however, answered the initial design better. And that's why Gennady Sergeevich was destined to linger somewhat longer in this world.

So, it is *byt* that matters, the way of life. In "Taking Stock," this way of life, in no way conducive to freedom, growth, and metamorphosis, preordains the lukewarm reconciliation of a bickering couple, truly of one mind. And in all the flawed individuals, made masterfully vivid by Trifonov, it is, perhaps, the combination of paralysis of will and of honesty toward oneself, the self-deprecation growing out of self-knowledge that is so depressingly moving.

And Trifonov himself frets:

> One is constantly beset by the fear as to whether one's work will turn out wordy and insignificant. Is it sufficiently interesting what I am proclaiming to the city and to the world? So much has been already written by everybody about everything. Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Chekhov, dear God . . . am I not being pushy? But reasonable considerations have, for some reason, never stopped anyone.

Fortunately, they have not stopped Trifonov. For those who fret with him, there remains the following, perhaps, unanswerable question: Given the unchanged subservience of published literature in Russia to political purposes, and given the relentless and undiminished controls in the closeted space allocated to the writer, how is it possible that there is enough air for the heirs of Chekhov? □

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Siberia: Domestic & Imported

THE DIARY OF VIKENTY ANGAROV. *By Victor Muravin. Newsweek Books. 347 pp. $9.95.*

LIVE AND REMEMBER. *By Valentin Rasputin. Macmillan. 216 pp. $8.95.*

HARLOW ROBINSON

Even genius does not save one in Russia; in exile, one is saved by genius alone. —Vladimir Nabokov

We have learned a great deal about Soviet life in the sixteen years since Solzhenitsyn first stunned the world with *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich.* We have heard from other sources—Andrei Sinyavsky, Iosif Brodsky, Nadezhda Mandelstam—that the systematic persecution and imprisonment of dissident writers and intellectuals Solzhenitsyn describes in *One Day*, and later in *The First Circle* and *Cancer Ward*, not only happened but continue to happen. We have sent American scientists and astronauts to observe Soviet institutions, and have welcomed their Soviet counterparts to examine ours. We have sent the Soviets Pepsi-Cola, and they have sent us Stolichnaya.

And yet most of what really goes on in Russia remains as unknown to us as the inner chambers of the Kremlin. The dissident movement, which takes up most of the space dedicated to the Soviet Union in the American press, involves no more than 1 percent of Soviet citizens. Because dissidents often actively seek out contact with American journalists in an attempt to draw attention to their situation, and because it is these dissidents who most often end up in the West, where they can speak freely, we tend to have a distorted view of their importance and visibility in Soviet society. We forget that there are thousands of other writers, artists and scientists living quietly in Russia, attempting to walk the fine thin line between what they regard as immoral adherence to Soviet orthodoxy and disastrous outspoken disagreement with it.

Not everyone has the moral strength or conviction—one could almost say obsession—to be an Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Any serious Soviet writer fears the separation from his native land and language that Solzhenitsyn's uncompromising stance finally seems to require. Neither are the writers and poets who have remained in Russia all lackeys of the Soviet system, as some Soviet émigrés like to portray them. Even Brodsky and Solzhenitsyn, although they were hounded for years before finally leaving the Soviet Union, did not *choose* to emigrate. Only when they were finally placed in a completely untenable position—emigration or liquidation—did they reluctantly abandon the country where the language of their prose and poetry is spoken on the streets. Serious contemporary Soviet writers are well aware of how few Russian authors have survived the transplantation to another culture. Zamyatin, Tsvetaeva, Remizov—the list of once-promising writers who faded into obscurity or tragedy after leaving Russia is a long one. It takes an exceptionally strong individual—perhaps someone of the force of a Solzhenitsyn—to survive the shock and continue to produce.

Neither of the authors of two recent Russian novels, *The Diary of Vikenty Angarov* and *Live and Remember*, has the moral or artistic stature of Solzhenitsyn. Victor Muravin is an exile, now living in New York City. Valentin Rasputin remains in the Soviet Union. Their novels both take place in Siberia—*Diary* in the Siberia of labor camps already familiar to us, *Live and Remember* in the Siberia of village life and simple people almost entirely unknown to us.

The Diary of Vikenty Angarov reminds us of Solzhenitsyn in content, though not in form or style. The narrative is told in the third person (which makes me wonder why it's called a diary) and centers around the life of a one-time seaman between 1937 and 1954. (The preface states that this is the second part of a trilogy beginning with Angarov's birth in 1914 and ending with his death in 1970.) The first ten of these years Vikenty spends in labor camp in Siberia; for one year (1948-49) he leads a normal life as harbor master in Riga, until Beria, Stalin's henchman, decides he should be sent back to exile in a small Siberian town. But even there bad luck pursues him, and he is again imprisoned when falsely blamed for slugging the loathsome village Communist Party member. Angarov, who is nothing if not persistent, refuses still to give in, and escapes into the Siberian winter wilderness where he manages to survive by eating his dead companion's flesh. Only Stalin's death finally liberates Angarov from the vicious circle of denouncement and imprisonment. As the novel ends, Vikenty returns to his original profession, sailing away from Murmansk as captain of his own merchant vessel.

The Diary of Vikenty Angarov claims to be a novel, but it reads like history. The great Russian novels have always been very close to history—*War and Peace*, or *Doctor Zhivago*, or *Fathers and Sons*—but they have also transcended it through the personalities of their fictional heroes. Pierre Bezukhov, Yuri Zhivago and Yevgeny Bazarov are placed in very specific historical surroundings, but they are not totally dependent on those surroundings for their identities. Vikenty Angarov is entirely defined by his historical milieu; someone else could easily take his place.

In his one-dimensionality Vikenty is remarkably similar to many of the heroes of Soviet socialist realist novels, which points toward a conclusion I have long suspected: that some Soviet dissident writers, even after they leave the Soviet Union, continue to respond to the demands made by the Union of Soviet Writers, to which every published Soviet writer *must* belong. The main character must be a "positive hero." He

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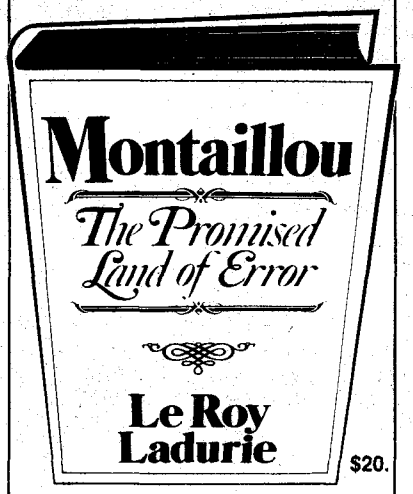
–Hugh Trevor-Roper, The Sunday Times



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THE YEARS

You watch who could be Aleman
Returning home, his eyes blown clear as smokerings.
You give him the name Paco Garcia,
Second son to a janitor playing shuffleboard
With a clot of dust. You give him a limp
And a face that yellowed from the center outward;
A bundle of old lies that ride thin as a lozenge
On the tip of his tongue. The mismatched shoes

Of his childhood forgotten,
You point years back to a barrio and a voice
Opening a hole in the dark that goes beyond his birth.
There, a brujo reads his face like braille
For the greed that will lag two steps behind
And traces a finger over his brow
Where the lines will lengthen and cut deep.

Gary Soto

must believe in Soviet communism (not just communism), support the Soviet Government, and further the cause of the working class. The positive hero most often held up as an example to Soviet writers is Pavel Korchagin of Nikolay Ostrovsky's *That's How the Steel Was Tempered* (1935). Korchagin overcomes tremendous handicaps—blindness, illness of every sort imaginable—in his passion to join the party and fight for the Revolution.

Even though Vikenty Angarov is most of the time on the other side of the fence—he is persecuted by the party before he gets much of a chance to work for it—he has many of these same qualities: optimism (even after years and years of imprisonment and harassment, Vikenty refuses to give up hope), physical strength, belief in communism (all the more incredible when we see how cruelly communism has treated him), patriotism, a sense of justice. In fact Vikenty, like Pavel Korchagin, comes across as a kind of superman, capable of enduring any hardships—even the local tribes are amazed when they find Vikenty still alive after crossing hundreds of miles of Siberian wasteland in the dead of winter—and infinitely resilient. And he has *no* negative qualities. He is a Soviet-style saint.

Muravin does not tell us much that we haven't already read in Solzhenitsyn, and for the most part, he doesn't tell it as well. The good characters have no flaws, the bad characters have no virtues. The most successful section of the novel is the description of Angarov's trek across Siberia, reminiscent of Jack London in its sharp evocation of the danger and beauty of cold and snow. It is difficult to tell exactly how much is the fault of the English translation by Alan Thomas, and how much the fault of Muravin's own prose (to which I do not have access in the original Russian), but the novel reads choppily and clumsily, vacillating between idiomatic, conversational language and bookish, academic phrases. *The Diary of Vikenty Angarov* was definitely published for the topical appeal of its content, and not for its literary merits—though the Soviet prison-camp-memoir genre seems now to have pretty much run its course with the publication of the last volume of Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag*.

If the problem with Vikenty Angarov is that he's too perfect, too strong, the problem with Andrei Guskov, the hero of *Live and Remember*, is that he's too shadowy, almost absent. One would expect that Andrei, as the hero of an official Soviet novel published legally in the Soviet Union, would be an optimistic, committed individual, and that Vikenty, as the hero of an émigré novel published abroad, would be a pessimistic, *Angst*-ridden sort. Ironically, the situation with these two novels is reversed. Vikenty conforms much more closely to the standards set down for the socialist "positive hero" than does Andrei who has no willpower, is indecisive, betrays his country by deserting from the Soviet Army during World War II, and ultimately causes his own wife's death. The author, Valentin Rasputin, born in 1937, almost entirely avoids politics in this rural novel, but he doesn't replace it with any other ideology. And in the context of Soviet literature, which has been so saturated with political messages for so long, the mere absence of politics is a small artistic victory in itself.

It is unusual for a Soviet novel to treat a World War II deserter with anything less than contempt. Memories of "The Great Fatherland War" are still alive for the Soviets today, and films, books and art regularly deal with the heroic exploits of Soviet citizens. Andrei, however, has none of the decisiveness or self-confidence of a hero. He tells us, in fact, that "I am not clear whether I am or not." He fails to return to his combat division after a hospital stay—not out of any conscious decision to desert but simply because he wants to get back to his home village for a few days. By the time he realizes he can't make it back on time, he is days away from the front, and "Everything about him had moved, shifted, hung suspended in midair." Instead of facing up to his plight like a responsible Soviet citizen, Andrei runs off to hide in the forest near his native village, where he lives unknown to all but his wife.

Spineless characters like Andrei do appear in Soviet literature but they are usually the villains—bourgeois capitalist parasites or counterrevolutionaries. What is surprising about this novel is the ambiguous attitude it assumes toward Andrei's desertion, and toward his ultimate destruction of his meek wife Nastyona, who shelters him in an abandoned cabin and has to bear the brunt of town derision when she becomes pregnant by him. Nastyona is definitely the stronger character here, but Rasputin, in an uncharacteristic act of reticence for a Soviet writer, does not condemn Andrei. Instead, he leaves him sketchy and incomplete, avoiding the negative caricature that is *de rigueur* for indecisive protagonists in Soviet literature.

The novel is written in the slick style often encountered in recent Soviet fiction: long descriptive passages in a pseudo-Turgenev mode, glorification of simplicity, but despite the expectable style Rasputin's reluctance to condemn Andrei for his self-indulgent inactivity, and his failure to condemn Nastyona for sticking by a traitor, may indicate some gradual loosening of attitudes toward the degree of political commitment now expected of Soviet citizens in their private lives and toward the depiction of those lives in literature.

Comparing *The Diary of Vikenty Angarov* and *Live and Remember*, we see two different worlds of Russian literature. Muravin writes with the immoderate zeal, the eagerness to scream "*J'accuse*," that have begun to mar Solzhenitsyn's works over the years. Muravin has something important to tell us—that millions of innocent people were imprisoned and mistreated under Stalin—and he hardly cares how

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he tells it, or in what tone of voice. Rasputin has not experienced the horror of the camps in the same way Muravin has—or else he has simply chosen to ignore it. *Live and Remember* is significantly more polished, more "literary," than *Vikenty Angarov*, but there is something missing at the center—commitment, direction, conviction. *The Diary of Vikenty Angarov* and *Live and Remember* are two fragmented pieces of the Russian literary tradition which we will have to wait to see joined again in the work of a single writer. □

St. Peter's City

PETERSBURG. *By Andrei Bely. Translated by Robert A. Maguire and John E. Malmstad. Indiana University Press. 356 pp. $17.50.*

ALFRED CORN

To some novelists the city is more than a setting: it is a main character, one is tempted to say, in spite of the obvious category error. Actually, in those prime novels of city life—Balzac's Paris novels, *Bleak House, Ulysses, Mrs. Dalloway* or *Manhattan Transfer*—the city becomes either a concrete embodiment of fate or a configuration of the psyche, sometimes both. In Balzac the Faubourg St. Honoré may represent the greed and vanity of his characters or, simply, capitalism. Nabokov singled out four great 20th-century works of fiction—one for each of his languages—in these words: "My greatest masterpieces . . . are, in this order: Joyce's *Ulysses*; Kafka's *Transformation*; Bely's *Petersburg*; and the first half of Proust's fairy tale *In Search of Lost Time*." All of these novels have urban settings, something that reflects the increasing urbanization of the earth and human consciousness and perhaps Nabokov's civilized perspective as well. But, of the four, only one takes the city name as its title; *Petersburg* is an eponymous novel. A city is its subject rather than any of its characters, who are present as constituents of a more important whole.

Petersburg appeared in three different versions (in 1916, 1922 and 1928) during Bely's lifetime, thereby bridging at least chronologically late symbolism and the first Soviet phase of Russian literature. Aspects in it that might be interpreted as socialist-revolutionary made it eligible for reprinting as late as 1935; but its symbolist aesthetic was judged less and less appropriate as Stalinism crystallized, censorship became more exacting, and the separation of aesthetics and the state a heresy, indeed, a crime. The name Petersburg itself was revised in 1924 to Leningrad, but no conceivable revision of Bely's novel could have transformed it into a work of socialist realism.

Petersburg is the culmination and the best example of the Russian symbolist effort to accommodate itself to the novel. Clearly symbolism and *poetry* are a better tandem, given symbolism's strong anti-mimetic base. The novel, perhaps after cinema, has developed as the most thoroughgoing mimetic genre in Western culture. The peculiar success of *Petersburg* comes from its use of the tension between "realistic" and expressionistic modes of narrative. This is one in a series of polarizations that structure Bely's novel, polarizations he saw between the Western and Eastern elements in modern Russian culture. Petersburg was founded by Peter the Great in 1703 and given a Russian form of the Dutch for "St. Peter's City." It has frequently been understood, then, as epitomizing the artificial grafting of Western European culture onto the native Eastern (even Mongol) stock. In Bely's novel, this city is associated in turn with a number of specifically Western evils—science and mathematics, urban dehumanization, bureaucracy and totalitarianism, cerebrality and repression of the body; and, on the aesthetic plane, naturalism. Against these the native virtues—physical vivacity, irrationality, religious consciousness, and an aesthetic of expressiveness, symbolist or anti-naturalist—stand in conflict.

According to this schema, Moscow is a synecdoche for things natively Russian—and Bely was a Muscovite. When he first began writing novels, he planned a trilogy, to be called *East or West*, in which the Petersburg-Moscow contrast would be central. In fact, the vestiges of his intentions were parceled out among separate novels, beginning with *The Silver Dove* and *Kotik Letaev*, and then *Petersburg* and a series of short pieces with Moscow settings. Bely saw that it was possible to treat the conflict within the confines of one of the two

Alfred Corn's second volume of poems, A Call in the Midst of the Crowd (*Viking*), *appeared earlier this year.*

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symbolic cities; perhaps he realized that the conflict was built into the structure of his own psyche—no purely "Eastern" artist could have assembled this almost mathematically structured work, notable for its naturalistic accuracy as much as for its fantasmagorical expressiveness. Whether the East-West schema will bear historical scrutiny is beside the point. Bely believed in his schema; at least, he used it as a structural principle in his work.

The character Apollon Apollonovich Ableukhov is the novel's triple-A Westernized Russian. His psychologically oppressed son Nikolai exhibits some of the opposing Eastern tendencies; others are distributed among Nikolai's revolutionary-terrorist-mystical associates who have decided, arbitrarily, that he must kill his father (by means of a little bomb concealed in a sardine tin). The action hovers around this simple plot line, with one secondary narrative, the farcical account of troubles in the marriage of Sofia Petrovna and her husband Likhutin. An unpromising framework, but Bely weaves on it a tapestry of great power, strangeness and beauty.

Among the novel's symbolic emblems are the bronze equestrian statue of Peter the Great, familiar to readers of Pushkin; the various sectors of the city, with their political or literary associations, and the geometry of the city plan at large. The polarizations outlined earlier find a counterpart in the novel's dominant color scheme: the shimmering pearl-gray tonality of Pushkin's Petersburg Bely reduces to a flat grayness, with black accents, standing for all that is Western. Eastern energies are emblematized as red—in fact, Nikolai Apollonovich appears from time to time throughout the novel clad in a red domino that conceals his face and allows him to wander through the city as a sort of Lord of Misrule bent on disruption and shocking the bourgeoisie.

Other emblematic oppositions include those between plane geometry (or straight-line geometrical figures) and solid or curved-line figures—the square as opposed to the sphere, say, or more accurately, the *expanding* sphere. This recurs often in the novel and is sometimes assimilated to the human heart. Bely seems, not unnaturally, to link expansion to inspiration and freedom. His long poem "*Pervoe svidanie*" ("The First Rendezvous," written in 1921), opens with a series of expansions powered by the heat and fire of poetic emotions. An extreme case of expansiveness is the bomb; and this poem, like *Petersburg*, includes one—astonishingly, it is an atomic bomb Bely imagines, two decades before the Manhattan Project. The poem also includes a paean to language, regarded as having mystical dimensions, even at the level of phonemes. Rimbaud mythologized vowels; Bely does something analogous with consonants, deciding, for example, that the sound "k" indicates insincerity. The translators' preface to *Petersburg* states that a good deal of this novel's structure arises from sonics. They have tried to get across some of this in English, though obviously a sentence-by-sentence rendering would be impossible.

The translation reads well. Extensive notes point out problems connected to plays on words or sounds in Russian, even when neat solutions in English have been found. This version is based almost entirely on the 1922 printing, but occasionally the translators have brought in minor details from the others where Bely's revisions were incomplete or inconsistent. In a few cases they have simply revised the text themselves to preserve grammar and sense; all these

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emendations are signaled in the notes which, as a group, incidentally contain a considerable body of information with bearings on Russian literature beyond the present volume. All in all, a masterful job.

The richness of *Petersburg* can only be suggested in a review. A good many of its pleasures are reserved for those readers sensitive to the complex web of allusion to earlier classics such as Pushkin's *The Bronze Horseman* and *The Stone Guest*, or Gogol's "The Overcoat," or Dostoevsky's and Tolsoy's novels in general. Readers who dislike modernism in fiction may be left unmoved by Bely's verbal wizardry; but no one will question the originality or sincerity of this novel. Also, *Petersburg* is one of the capital instances of that persistent theme in Russian culture—the quest for a national identity. □

The Pure and the Impure

THE GULAG ARCHIPELAGO: THREE. *By Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. Harper & Row. 558 pp. $16.95.*

HARVEY FIRESIDE

The hunched, emaciated figure of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn peers out of this, the third and final installment of his epic chronicle of Soviet prison camps. In its frayed, baggy clothes with sewed-on identification tags, the author's body in 1953 epitomized the cruelty of a political system that could convert millions of its subjects into disposable "waste products." The most remarkable features of this portrait, however, are the sunken eyes, burning with hurt and bitterness, and the lips compressed in an expression of desperate defiance.

The words borne out of that figure's travail, eight years in camps designed to squeeze the life out of their inmates by cold, starvation and beatings, help us to understand the scars of the survivor. In Solzhenitsyn, an extraordinary will to live fused with an obsession to bear witness. He was driven to recount the martyrdom of his companions: the few who surpassed him in courage by their legendary attempts to escape, the others who overshadowed him in moral stature by the incandescence of their religious faith.

"I had a duty," the author explains, in an afterword, as he looks back on the decade it took to complete the manuscript furtively, secreting parts of it with friends until it could be smuggled out on the eve of his own exile. The duty is not only to memorialize the fallen, it is also to confront the living: his countrymen, whose tacit collaboration was essential to running the machinery of extermination, as well as the Westerners with even shorter memories, cringing before the technical achievements of a Russia whose people have become "spiritually extinct."

Solzhenitsyn announces that, after the "darkness and suffering of the first two volumes," this capstone of the trilogy "will disclose a space of freedom and struggle." But the pervasive gloom is pierced only occasionally by tales of "glorious" escapes and of the camp-wide strikes and revolts that rocked the Gulag Archipelago after Stalin's death. Those who run away are, to a man, turned in by Central Asian settlers for a kilo of tea, while the insurgents of Vorkuta and Kengir are gunned down by special, liquored-up squads of the secret police after assaults by tanks and planes.

In such unequal struggles, what seems to count more than success for Solzhenitsyn is the unextinguishable spark of defiance by which a *zek* can reclaim his humanity. Each day of an escape or revolt is lovingly related to illustrate that men, at their most desperate, may not turn into beasts but into heroic, trusting beings. Tragically, their trust becomes their downfall, as it keeps them from murdering those who eventually sell them out or as it leads them to swallow the lies of officials promising reforms and investigations.

Beyond its personal significance, an act of resistance for Solzhenitsyn has moral and historic import. It nurtures the conscience of a nation, readying it for spiritual regeneration, and it puts the lie to the official record whereby the graves of "class enemies" become stepping stones to Utopia. On that scale, Soviet slave labor is judged incalculably crueler than the czarist system it supplanted, since its ideological perversions add insult to its far greater power of injury. The most abject figures in the camps are the Communist inmates, filled with self-hatred, blaming their fate on evil lieutenants of the great Stalin.

At the other end of the moral spectrum from those "ersatz intellectuals" assisting in their own destruction are the simple peasants whose mass deportations flooded the camps during forced collectivization, the country's "second civil war." Fifteen million were "liquidated" as kulaks, or rich peasants, although their only crime was frugality and hard work. As exiles, they describe the "stations of the cross," packed into cattle cars—an object lesson for Stalin's assiduous pupil, Hitler.

The tortured peasants are Ivan Denisovich writ large. They accept their plight stoically, as a natural calamity, and learn to survive from day to day. They have none of the illusions that even Solzhenitsyn confesses to harboring when he believed that Khrushchev had dissolved the camp empire, rather than merely constricting its scope. Only the urgent pleas of current inmates brought Solzhenitsyn back to earth, with the realization of the essential symbiosis between the Archipelago and the state. His radical conclusion: that "until we transcend our clay there will be no just social system on this earth—whether democratic or authoritarian."

On such an inflexible premise, Solzhenitsyn can minimize the de-Stalinization efforts of Khrushchev, no matter that they led to the release of some 12 million from the labor camps, since their "rehabilitation" was not accompanied by their restoration to a place of honor. Neither were their tormen-

Harvey Fireside is professor of politics at Ithaca College.

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tors brought to book but allowed to retain their power and privileges, their *dachas* and pensions.

It was the same Khrushchev who restocked the camps with a new generation of religious believers, especially Baptists, trying to give their children a Christian education; who exiled "parasites" like the poet Iosif Brodsky, while the "real parasites" remained at "their bureaucratic desks"; who ordered the bloody suppression of the 1962 revolt of the entire town of Novocherkassk. Solzhenitsyn characterizes that uprising, the first in Soviet history since peasants rebelled in 1921, as a cry "from the soul of a people" and a "turning point in the history of Russia." It is symptomatic for him that this replay of 1905 Bloody Sunday was more brutal than the czarist original, that it took non-Russian special troops to break the resistance by firing dum-dum bullets at the backs of the fleeing crowd, and that the event could be officially blamed on "bandits" and "foreign provocation."

The Novocherkassk story appears tangential to an account of the Gulag. For Solzhenitsyn, it serves two functions: to connect the camp uprisings of the preceding decade to the more open protests they inspired and to show that the same bestial means were employed by the regime to deal with both. Further, the account serves as prelude to an indictment of the "hulking brute of a judicial system" still terrorizing citizens. In such an atmosphere, it would not unduly disturb the legal system "if orders come tomorrow to put millions inside again for their way of thinking." The apocalyptic nature of Solzhenitsyn's vision has a jarring effect on Western readers, accustomed to shades of gray in portrayals of ordinary people even in extreme circumstances.

Not only are Solzhenitsyn's judgments arbitrary in pitting the Russian national values of peasants against the moral bankruptcy of intellectuals and officials but they rely on a curious variant of original sin. Thus, Latvian prisoners are found deserving of little sympathy, since rifle regiments from that province had helped the Bolsheviks to power, while the brilliant and courageous Marshal Tukhachevsky, executed in 1937, was only reaping "what he had sown when he directed the suppression of the Kronstadt rising and of the peasant rising in Tambov."

Despite his explicit refusal to hang all the guilt for twenty-five years of Russian darkness around Stalin's neck, Solzhenitsyn peppers his text with icy references to the self-proclaimed Father of the People. Ordinary folk are faulted for not sabotaging the terror machine, yet in the end it is Stalin who "twisted our tails as if we were sheep, and we did not even dare to squeal." In his final orgy of evil, Stalin is seen preparing the camps for millions of new *zeks*, including the entire Jewish population, and planning a blood bath for all restive prisoners.

That revision of history allows Solzhenitsyn to salvage his myth of the pure Russian soul beset by temptation, but it does not really answer the question he sets as a chapter head, "Why did we stand for it?" This is a recurring puzzle of the *Gulag* series, in the first volume addressed to those who heard the secret police knocking at their neighbor's door but did not dare to bar the way, in the second to the mesmerized populace that succumbed to police threats and turned informer.

Such oversimplified queries beget superficial answers. At various points, Solzhenitsyn suggests that there were no foreign broadcasts then to rebut mendacious propaganda, that "modern technical" means of repression overwhelmed potential resisters, and that the camp guards, good Russian lads that they were, looked on the *zeks* as "living targets," archcriminals with whom communication was forbidden. These reasons could be countered by pointing to the tiny opposition today despite foreign broadcasts, the primitive character of the Mafioso informer network, and the ability of scores of regimes to produce their native crop of sadistic political police.

An analysis that did not spare Solzhenitsyn's twin idols, religion and nationalism, would proceed to show that, far from protecting their adherents from the totalitarian virus, they have helped anesthetize its victims. Subservient churches, in Hitler's Germany as well as Stalin's Russia, were all too ready to render their due to Caesar, while the very nationalism that Solzhenitsyn upholds has convinced "master races" that outsiders were naturally destined for enslavement or destruction. It may be instructive that the unprecedented liberalization of the Khrushchev era was accompanied by an abatement of nationalism and an anti-religious drive.

The secular liberalism of the West, however, is merely another form of political blindness and sinfulness in Solzhenitsyn's lexicon. The "freedom-loving 'left-wing' thinkers" of the West are there apostrophized as deaf to the truths reverberating from the barbed wire enclosures, doomed to "understand it all someday," when it's their turn to be marched to the Archipelago. This sort of overreaction against his critics may be Solzhenitsyn's way of atoning for his own pre-Gulag devotion to the Cause, as when he admits his callousness to the purge victims of the 1930s.

The camp experience represents a fountain of truth for Solzhenitsyn, a "crystalline" life that he left with regret for the "turbid outside world." He commemorates it annually in a private sacrament, repeating the camp diet of thin gruel and black bread, bringing out the "holy relics" of his uniform patches. It has been a major artistic achievement to make the prison world a metaphor for modern existence, but for this reader, at least, an obsession with man at his worst is insufficient to a convincing view of either human nature or political change.

Surveying the same horrors as Solzhenitsyn, Terrence Des Pres in *The Survivor* finds far greater grounds for optimism in the fact that prisoners

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in the depths of suffering displayed a kindness and sympathy that may well be biologically determined. That is also the theme of Eugenia Ginzburg in *Journey to the Whirlwind*: "Prison, and especially solitary confinement, ennobled and purified human beings, bringing to the surface their finest qualities, however deeply hidden." Neither of these classics follows Solzhenitsyn in making personal defiance the touchstone of humanity, instead settling for humbler forms of survival.

Solzhenitsyn is a romantic figure standing alone. He intimidates his readers by the immense stretches of a narrative set, ironically, in the hyperbolic style of the "socialist realism" that dominates Soviet prose. He infuriates them by tangents and repetitions, by political homilies that hearken back to the faith of the Old Believers and the virtues of the soil. And yet he can command their respect for the single-minded and unfashionable and, perhaps, unachievable thrust of his mission. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

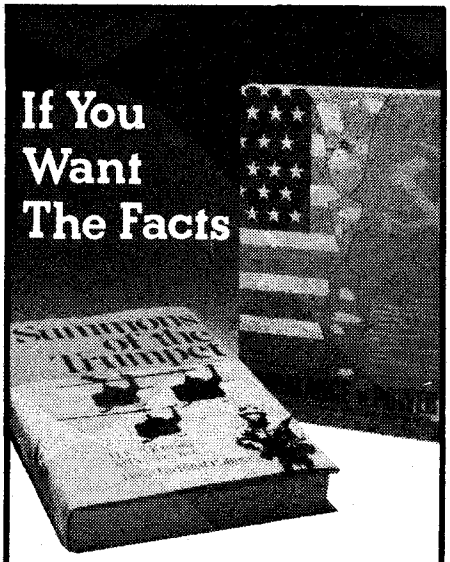
The impact of death on the survivors has seldom been better expressed than by the aging mother of a friend of mine: "People are dying now who never died before." These words catch the surprise when people your age die, or when seemingly durable members of a profession perish, or when the young die. The unexpected deaths in the past summer of four American art critics has had just such an impact.

Harold Rosenberg died in his early 70s. In "The American Action Painters" and other articles in *Art News* and later in *The New Yorker* he developed the essay form to a point of handsome flexibility. I say essay rather than article advisedly since an article may become involved in technicalities and small points, whereas essays tend to stay more generally readable. Rosenberg was able to write like this perhaps because unlike most writers on art he had no initiating period as a reviewer. (A reviewer does endless assigned legwork round the galleries and most of us start that way.) Unmediated by lesser chores, Rosenberg's entry was superb, with the slogan "Action Painting." His witty, summarizing commentaries were perhaps as keenly read outside the art world as within it.

Rosenberg's death was followed in a few days by that of Thomas B. Hess, a writer with whose tastes and interests he was closely identified, though Hess was younger, still in his 50s. He was the editor of *Art News* when Rosenberg became an art critic in its pages, and they were united by a belief in the dual ascendancy of Willem de Kooning and Barnett Newman. Both men had always admired de Kooning enormously and, in fact, the term "Action Painting" was based not on the aesthetics of the New York School at large but on Rosenberg's reading of de Kooning's practice. Then in 1962 Newman achieved a strategic reconciliation with de Kooning in a startling two-artist exhibition "Newman-de Kooning" at the Allan Stone Gallery. After this Hess and Rosenberg embraced Newman. Hess wrote a book on him, the catalogue of his memorial exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, and Rosenberg has a book on Newman due from Abrams this fall. In addition Hess wrote two books on de Kooning and Rosenberg one. Hess and Rosenberg became the executors for the avant-garde of the 1950s. Their writing set the canon for subsequent discussion of the gestural and monochromatic extremes of Abstract Expressionism.

Hess's catholicity is often overlooked, but if one re-reads *Art News* during his editorship in the 1950s it becomes apparent. The first generation of Abstract Expressionists is stressed, deservedly so, and the second generation is overdone, but other styles are much better covered than his enemies have alleged. In *New York Magazine*, where he wrote until his death, his hospitality to a broad range of styles could easily be seen. In the late 1940s Clement Greenberg, the most prescient critic of postwar American Abstract art, was invited by the Viking Press to write a book on the subject. The topic was so new, so much in process of formation, that Greenberg declined, but Hess accepted. The work published in 1951 was called *Abstract Painting: Background and American Phase*. Hess never lost this kind of nonchalance and in this differed attractively from Rosenberg. As editor Hess encouraged poets to write art criticism and his successor on *New York Magazine*, John Ashbery, put in his spell as poet-reviewer on *Art News*.

The deaths of these prominent critics leaves Clement Greenberg in undisputed seniority but his later writing is occasional at best. Two other critics of whom much had been ex-



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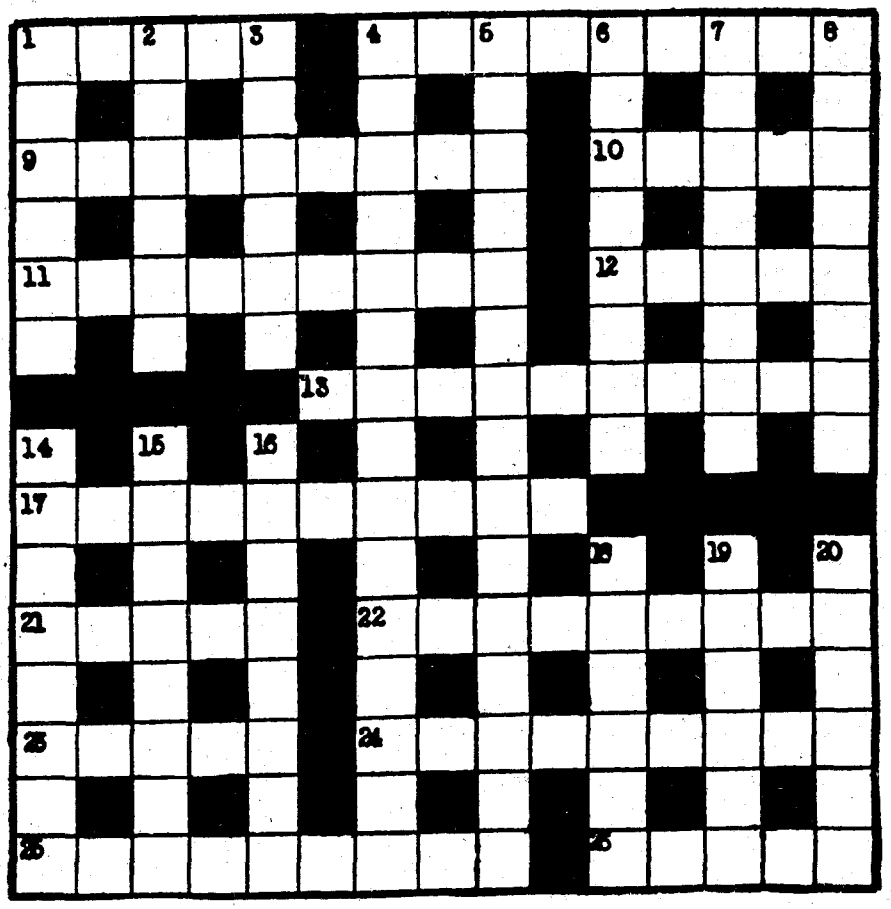
pected also died, Barbara Reise and Amy Goldin. Reise was an American who wrote a dissertation, unpublished, on Barnett Newman at Columbia University and then withdrew from the United States and settled in England. After this she wrote one piece on Newman but she was not the kind of person to live off her thesis. Her support of Minimal Art in the English magazine *Studio International* was typically rigorous.

Amy Goldin died this summer at 52. She did not review exhibitions on a regular basis, but supported herself, as many art critics do, by teaching and lecturing. This left her free to concentrate on articles addressed to a solid range of diverse subjects. Like Reise she was university trained and wrote articles, not essays, with a corresponding increase in informational content. I remember a piece in *Arts Magazine* (November 1965), a critical discussion of Harold Rosenberg. It was not a review of a book but a probing article, written at a time when most art critics paid no attention to the ideas and principles of art criticism. In the mid-1960s the tendency was to ignore the competition rather than face shared responsibilities, but she spoke out boldly. Recently she had been writing about the decorative arts in relation to the aesthetics of "high" art and women's art.

Obituaries describe and reflect on the lives and careers of the recently dead, but my purpose here is less than that. I have tried to see these critics, selfishly perhaps, in relation to the ongoing profession of art criticism. Thus Hess and Rosenberg, for all their ability, all their successes, have not left any progeny so far as I can see. They established neither a cluster of related ideas nor a methodology for the use of younger writers. Their ideas and their writings are of the same size, a good match. Although Rosenberg came out of Marxism he did not, for instance, cope with the dissent of the 1970s. The forms it took, in women's, black, Puerto Rican, and lay art were outside his category of art. "Action Painting" signaled a broad-minded aesthetic compared to the formalism of Clement Greenberg, but it was fundamentally fine-art oriented. This sounds no bad thing in an art critic but these days a prior definition of art, firmly held, may seal a critic off from the actual course of developing art. It was here that Goldin demonstrated her sensitivity and probity. □

Crossword Puzzle No. 1739

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Generally revolutionary, being swingers. (5)
4 People sometimes get extremely vocal about his body. (4,5)
9 Wee Willie Winkie, for example. (4-5)
10 Sparrow did one in nursery-book style. (5)
11 Was Paris panicked by its reports? (3,6)
12 Such a route could prove fantastic! (5)
13 What the seasons comprise? (Perhaps incomes don't, with nothing lost.) (10)
17 Unusual tails with the 21 variety, but such thinking says too many will be a problem. (10)
21 Being, perhaps, what a bee does with a certain article. (5)
22 Turn on one in a rational environment? That's rather gloomy! (9)
23 Walker might follow what is exemplified by trial and error with it. (5)
24 Variety of onion dug a long time ago when this was around. (9)
25 Not exactly a clean race—but very little disturbance in what the sale might hope to achieve. (9)
26 One might be accustomed to threading pipes, on the other hand. (5)

DOWN

1 Passes, but barely does so. (4,2)
2 To carry on such as war might prove expensive in the long haul. (6)
3 Fired like coal in small quantities? (6)
4 Mutual ownership? One can be busted for it. (5,10)
5 A metal measurer stuck to the wall? (It has a rigid following.) (4,3,4,4)
6 Not the judge's chambers—though they might have cases you're interested in. (8)
7 You might find it boring going around in circles. (8)
8 Typical of Lear's verse? Poppycock! (8)
14 Pitch me a wild one, it might be stressed! (8)
15 Perhaps a beach party, with roast meat and dessert around. (8)
16 One who gives a certain style of haircut, or at least works on top. (8)
18 Different commercial names for old burners. (6)
19 The part of Edwin Dowling likely to be transparent to us. (6)
20 "More eager!" one might have wailed. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1738

ACROSS: 1 and 2 down Foreign relations; 5 Schools; 9 Relic; 10 Tail-light; 11 Attending; 12 Canal; 13 Eloping; 15 Rounder; 17 Gas tank; 19 Matured; 21 Okapi; 23 Telltales; 25 Furnished; 26 On cue; 27 Reels in; 28 Cresset. DOWN: 1 For sale; 3 and 20 Incandescent; 5 Stinger; 6 Holocaust; 7 Organ; 8 Settler; 14 Inanities; 16 Derelicts; 17 and 4 Good-for-nothing; 18 Kitchen; 19 Melodic; 22 Agree; 24 Those.

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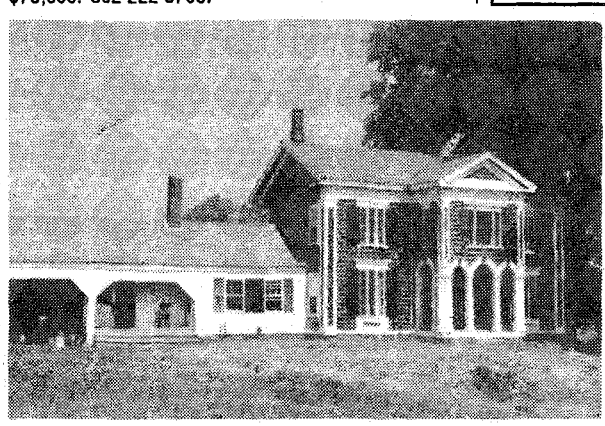

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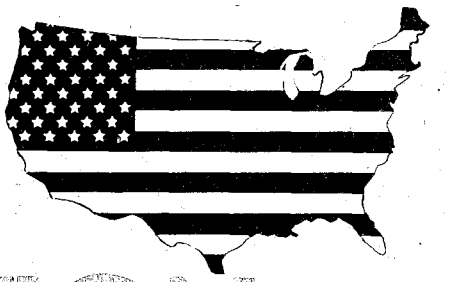

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